The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1909. NUMBER 7

$17,600,000,000

THE Comptroller of Currency shows that the above amount of money is in the banks of this country—an amount exceeding the entire banking power of the world. The magnitude of this sum is even beyond the conception of the most "acute" mathematical mind. Besides this fabulous sum nestling in the money vaults of the nation there is in circulation among the American people untold millions. Truly, we are now in the land of "milk and honey." Prosperity has come to us with its magic wand and confused us with its heaps of yellow gold. Farm products in 1908 were sold upon the markets of the United States for $7,788,000,000, and thus is briefly told the story of our wealth. A look at the bank statements of Washington county proves that the Money God hath given to us freely. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant have we been so bountifully blessed with riches. Today Hard Times in Washington county is as obsolete as a last year's bird nest; the farmers are sailing over financial seas as calm as summer skies. The Sun congratulates the sturdy tillers of the soil, whose honest brain and big brawn have made America the greatest nation in the world. The farmers of this country are the pillars of the Republic; they carry upon their broad shoulders the burdens of the earth faltering not in the journey to that Haven where the Almighty hath stored his crowns for those whose duties have been well done. Just as the mountain rivulet cleanses its channel with the rapid flow of pure water, just so the farmer removes the obstructions upon our governmental highways, giving strength, courage and determination to the builders of the nation. There can be no disputing that the farmers of Washington county now have in their possession that part of the $7,788,000,000 belonging to them for the products of their farms during 1908. The Sun feels that it is entitled to "just a little" of this mammoth sum. Therefore, may we not insist that you consult the label on this paper, and if you are in arrears pay up and renew? We would like to look upon this Picture of Prosperity with undimmed eyes and view it in a way that would lift from us a part of the weight that the recent hard times placed upon our shoulders.

CHILD BURNED

Fell From Chair and Crawled Upon Fender Before an Open Grate.

An eight month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Simpson, of Pleasant Grove, was seriously burned Monday afternoon. The child was in a chair before an open grate in a room where other children were at play, Mrs. Simpson being in the kitchen preparing dinner. She had directed the children to remain with the baby, but they were attracted to the lot where some hogs were being slaughtered. During their absence the child fell from the chair, it is supposed, crawled upon the fender before the fire and remained there until discovered by the mother. Its hands were severely burned, and also the top of its head, but Dr. Hopper, who is attending the case, says the little one will recover unless complications arise. It is resting well at present.

MAUD.

Mrs. M. L. Troutman spent Saturday night and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Kate Shewmaker.

There was a very large crowd out to hear Rev. W. A. Wolfe Sunday morning.

Mr. John Brown, wife and son, Leslie, spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. I. N Arnold.

Mr. Earl Arnold and sister, Miss Beulah, have returned home, after a pleasant visit with friends and relatives at Mackville.

Mr. Edward Pile and wife and Mr. Ernest Pile, of near Booker, were in our town Saturday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A Wolfe spent last Sunday with Mrs. Sallie A. Bodine and family, of Nelson county.

The party given to the young folks by Miss Katie Wakefield last Thursday night was well attended.

Mr. Louis Kirsch, of Nelson county, and Miss Zora Montgomery, of this place, attended meeting at New Hope Sunday and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pile, of near Booker.

Mrs. Shehan spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. T. J. Settle.

Miss Pearl Claybrooke and Messrs. Earl Arnold and Clyde Brown spent last Sunday with Miss Nellie Andrews.

Mrs. Ida McIlvoy, who has been on the sick list, we are glad to report able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Dugan spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McIlvoy.

Misses Marcella Wall and Mattie Yates spent Monday with Mrs. Otis Settle.

Misses Roxie and Mary Wakefield were in Booker Saturday afternoon.

Mr. I. N. Arnold has sold his house and lot to Mr. Will Eddleman, of Maple Hill. We regret very much to loose Mr. Arnold and family, but welcome Mr. and Mrs. Eddleman.

Miss Bess Settles still remains the guest of friends in Louisville, where she has been for several weeks.

Denied New Trial.

Owensboro, Ky., Jan. 16.—In a lengthy opinion reviewing the cases Judge Birkhead to-day overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of T. S. Anderson, President of the defunct Daviess County Bank and Trust Company, who was given three years in the penitentiary for false swearing to his bank report.

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, Anderson said, sternly:

"Nothing, sir, except this, I am not guilty."

On application of the attorneys for the defendant judgment was suspended for sixty days to give them time to file a bill of exceptions and take the case to the Court of Appeals, which they will do as quickly as possible.

Shively Nominated.

Hon. Ben F. Shively is the caucus nominee of the Indiana legislature for United States Senator. The Legislature is Democratic and Mr. Shively will be elected.

LAST SALE OF SEASON

Average Price of Burley Last Saturday $18.33.

The tobacco sale last Saturday on the Loose Leaf market in Springfield was one of the most successful held this season. While a larger quantity of tobacco has been disposed of on one other occasion the average this time was the highest of the season, 155,000 pounds selling at an average price of $18.33 per hundred. The buyers present were Allison Graves and H. M. Moss, of the American Tobacco Company, and Messrs. Patten and D. B. Dake representing the independent manufactrners.

Saturday's sale was the last that will be held this season. During the season about 750,000 pounds of tobacco have been sold on the local market and at prices which have been more than satisfactory.

To Manager Sydnor and his assistant, Mr. Lunney, nothing but the highest praise should be given and it is to be hoped that they will return next season.

Tobacco and Other Crops.

Kentucky Farmer: The value of the tobacco crop of Kentucky in 1908 was $17,799,600, according to figures of the division of production and distribution, United States Department of Agriculture. This puts Kentucky far ahead of any other State in the production of the weed, North Carolina coming second, with a total production of 134,000,000 pounds, valued at $14,070,000; Virginia third, with a crop of 114,100,000 pounds, valued at $10,497,200.

The average yield in Kentucky was 815 pounds to the acre. The average yield in North Carolina was 670 pounds to the acre, and in Virginia it was 815, the same as in Kentucky. The average value of the Kentucky tobacco was 9.1 cents per pound; of North Carolina, 10.5, and of the Virginia tobacco, 9.2 cents.

The tobacco grown under shade in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Georgia and Florida are valued at figures running from fifteen cents for the Massachusetts product to thirty-five cents a pound for the Florida tobacco. The yield of this high-grade Florida tobacco was 990 pounds to the acre, but the entire crop amounted to 5,568,750 pounds. The crop of Massachusetts was 7,444,800 pounds, valued at $1,153,988. The yield in Massachusetts was 1,650 pounds pounds to the acre, while the Florida yield was 990.

The department estimates the entire tobacco crop of the country for 1908 at 718,061,380 pounds, grown on 875,425 acres, an average yield of 820.2 pounds to the acre. The entire crop is valued at $74,130,185, an average price of 10 3 cents per pound

The total value of the wheat crop of the United States is estimated at $410,330,000; of the corn crop at $1,616,645,000.

Tobacco was grown last year in the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—twenty-three in all. It may surprise some to learn that tobacco is a staple crop in exactly half the States of the Union, although New Hampshire's crop was valued at only $24,948 and Mississippi's at but $6,250.

But most surprising of all to many will be the fact that Wisconsin had 5,000 acres in tobacco last season; that the crop yielded 1,130 pounds to the acre, a total production of 39,550,000 pounds, valued at ten cents a pound, making the total value of the crop in that far Northern State the very comfortable sum of $3,955,000.

Kentucky raised 84,823,000 bushels of corn last season, valued at $55,135,000. The average yield was 25.2 bushels to the acre.

Kentucky's crop of wheat last season was 8,793,000 bushels, valued at 8,617,000. The average yield was 11.6 bushels to the acre.

Kentucky's potato crop was 2,356,000 bushels in 1908, a yield of sixty-two bushels to the acre, with a total value of $1,908,000.

The hay crop of the Bluegrass State in 1908 was 675,000 tons, an average yield of 1.35 tons to the acre, with a total value of $7,425,000.

FACTS

¶ The news items of the home community.

¶ The things in which you are most interested.

¶ The births, weddings, deaths of the people you know.

¶ The social affairs of our own and surrounding towns.

These are the kind of facts this paper gives you in every issue. They are certainly worth the subscription price.

NEW PICTURES

Will Be Presented By Star Amusement Company During Next Week.

The Star Amusement Company during the remainder of this week and all of next week will show some of the best moving pictures it has yet presented to the people of the town and county. Among the subjects will be: "The Athletic Woman," "Hide and Seek," "Wages of Sin Is Death," "For the Sake of a Crown," "Love Laughs at the Locksmith," etc., etc. You will find the scenes unusually strong, and will no doubt please all who see them. The moral lessons taught by these wonderful moving pictures are good for every man, woman and child. "The Wages of Sin Is Death" should be seen by all; it is a strong story of a wife's fickleness and a husband's terrible revenge. The other pictures to be shown are equally as strong. A lot of new songs have been secured, and these, too, are good. Don't fail to attend the show while this new program is being given. Remember the matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

PLEASANT GROVE.

Misses Sue and Bertha Edgerton and Nannie Thompson spent Thursday night with the Misses Vanarsdale.

Messrs. Ed Litsey and Edgar Wilson are in Lexington.

Miss Mabie Thompson is spending a few days with Miss Fannie McElroy, of Springfield.

Mr. J. L. Moran was in Mackville Monday.

J. F. Gregory and son, Julian, have returned from Middlesboro.

Miss Susie Edgerton spent a few days last week with the family of Mr. Barber Clarkson.

Mrs. Nellie Thurman, who is at present with her sister, Mrs. C. L. Grundy, will leave for Cincinnati Saturday for a few weeks' stay before returning to her home in Huntsville, Ala.

Miss Grace Lair, of Louisville, visited the family of Mr. Chas. Lewis recently.

Little Lucien Simpson, aged eight months, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Simpson, was severely burned about the head and arms Monday. The mother was preparing the noon meal, and left the child in care of the older children who, when the baby had gone to sleep, went out to play, returning in a few minutes found the child had crawled to the grate with the above result.

Mr. J. R. Durrett, who recently purchased Mr. T. E. Wilson's farm, was here Saturday. Mr. Durrett gets possession in March.

Misses Nannie Thompson, Harvey Vanarsdale, Bertha Edgerton and Messrs. Fred Vanarsdale, Charley Litsey and Hugh Leachman attended the play at the Opera House Tuesday evening.

TATHAM SPRINGS.

Messrs. Hatchett and Trent have been busy the last few days invoicing their stock of goods.

Mr. Sam Wells has accepted a position in a store at Mooresville.

Mr. John Noel and wife attended church here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs G. W. Shirley spent Friday at the home of Mr. Merriell Pinkston.

Mr. Hatchett and family moved to his farm near here Monday. The people of this community are very glad they are not going to leave this place, as they are fine people and good neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkston spent Saturday with their daughter, Mrs. Cheatham, at Willisburg.

Master Paul Cheatham spent the past week with his grandparents at this place.

...The Loose Leaf...

Written for The Sun by Mary

There are many good books I have had,
That to read was a sure relief,
But when at my best, I never could rest,
If I knew that they had—a loose leaf.

There are many good trees I have seen,
That I saw cut down, without grief,
For they never had made, a very good shade,
Because they all had—a loose leaf.

There are many good men I have known,
With a wide awake man for their chief,
Who would get enough, for the farmer's stuff,
If we never had had—a Loose Leaf.

LARGE CROWD

Witnessed Presentation of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch By Home Talents.

Perhaps the largest crowd ever assembled in the Springfield Opera House witnessed the presentation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" Tuesday evening. The play was given under the auspices of the U. D. C., and was directed by Miss Harriett Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio. It was a success in every particular, and The Sun believes it can safely say that every man, woman and child in the audience was delighted. The "home talent" again proved their ability to do things properly before the footlights. It can be said, without fear of contradiction, that it was one of the best and most enjoyable entertainments ever seen in Springfield. An article two columns in length could be written in praise of those who took part in the play, but, as usual, this country newspaper "hath not the space." To say that they did their work well but lightly expresses it. Each was entitled to a big bouquet, but as the audience didn't have the bouquets it let its appreciation be known by encoring and applauding. In the home of Mrs. Wiggs, in the Cabbage Patch community, were found all the elements of happiness and discord, but the elements of happiness predominated, and while the Wiggs family was more or less riotous and ill-behaved, the children of the famous old lady were big-hearted and happy, and went about doing good by scattering sunshine. We congratulate Miss Jones; she trained the players well.

The specialties were all pleasing, and each deserves special mention, but we "can not." However, we must say that the little Misses Elizabeth and Emma Spalding deserve the thanks of the large audience for some excellent songs. These little girls astonished all present with their marvelous talent. Truly, they are prodigies.

Goodbye, Blind-Tigers.

Kentucky Advocate: More or less of a sensation was sprung this morning when the Civil League, twenty-five strong, filed into the court house and inquired for the grand jury room. They were shown to the chamber of that august body. Mrs. W. C. Roberts was the leader and made a strong talk before the jurymen invoking their aid in stamping out the illegal sale of liquor in Danville. Mrs. George Walden, also made a good talk, as did Miss Eugenia Young and Mrs. J. Q. A. McLowell. The present grand jury is a very strong one and is said to have been much complimented by the Civic League, and it can rest assurred that indictments will be returned if sufficient evidence can be secured. It is difficult for grand juries like officers to discover unlawful deeds as both are constantly guarded against by those who violate the law.

A Deplored Accident.

Marion Falcon: Mrs. Katherine Rubel was the victim of an unfortunate and greatly deplored accident last Friday afternoon. In descending the stairs at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carlile Litsey, where she was calling, she made a misstep and fell. Dr. R. C. McChord was called and removed her to Elizabeth Hospital, where it was ascertained that she had suffered an inter-capsular compact fracture of the right hip. While the fracture is not considered a bad one, yet, at Mrs. Rubel's advanced age, complete recovery of the use of the limb is doubtful, though with her splendid physical condition and strong will power, perfect use of the injured member is hoped for. Mrs. Rubel has recovered from the shock and is resting comparatively easy.

Won a Bad Bet.

On a wager, John Robbins, of Fruitvale, Cal., forced a billiard ball into his mouth at a poolroom in Melrose Saturday. It required three effort on the part of Dr. J. H. Callan and Constable Tom Carroll to remove the sphere from Robbins' mouth, and in the operation it was found necessary to extract several of the man's teeth before the ball could be taken out. Robbins almost choked to death before he was relieved. Oil and a small pinch bar were used in prying the ivory ball out, and Robbins suffered agony during the ordeal. Robbins bears the reputation of being a "game sport," and when a friend bet him $2.50 that he could not pocket a billiard ball in his mouth, Robbins took the bet. He won the wager, but probably he will be out of pocket on the whole transaction when the doctor's bill comes in.—Ex.

Getting The Big Thieves.

Louisville Herald: Five years each for three bankers and the President of a lumber company was the record of the United States District Court at Pittsburg yesterday. Two more bankers remain to be sentenced, and the probability is they will fare no better than their associates in crime.

Misapplication of funds was the charge that had been proven against these high-browed burglars, and now, like their brothers of the low brow, they must pay the penalty of dishonesty by wearing clothes cut on the penitentiary bias.

There is some satisfaction in seeing justice get on the trail of the big thieves, and stay on it until the culprits are landed. A few more vindications of the law would have a salutary effect on the public attitude toward the courts of the country. They would also do much to check the practice of high finance by means that disregard the property rights of others.

Terrible Collision.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Jan. 16.—Twenty persons were killed and thirty injured, many of them seriously, in a head-on collision between west-bound passenger train, No. 5, and an eastbound freight train on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, between Dotsero and Spruce Creek, twenty two miles from Glenwood Springs at 9:26 o'clock last night.

The Springfield Sun, $1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, $1.50.

Attention, Sun Readers!

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MULE INDUSTRY

Number in United States is 3,859,000 Head, Valued at $416,939,000.

The mule industry of the United States has grown to vast proportions, the 1908 census enumerating 3,869,000, says the Drovers' Journal. The mule is comparatively immune from disease and does not contract contagious ailments as easily as does the horse. A sick mule is almost an anomaly, while horses are frequently sick from complaints to which the mule is impervious. Not being afflicted with sickness the mule attains great longevity and performs useful service years after the horse is superannuated. Pliny gives a description of a mule in ancient Greece that attained the age of eighty years. While the mule is able to forage for himself on pastures where a horse would starve he is also susceptible to generous treatment and improves rapidly on liberal rations. The young mule can be weaned at four months old and will thrive on grass where a horse foal would need grass to maintain good condition. Mules come to maturity younger than horses and are more easily mannered to harness. When two years old if halter broken, about all the breaking required is to put on the harness and hitch beside a broken mule, the youngster works as cheerfully as his educated mate. Subborness is a leading attribute of the mule and this characteristic gives him his paramount value. It is this caricatured quality that encourages the mule to try and try again to move a load along after a horse is discouraged. A vicious mule is rarely seen and such animals are generally the result of ill treatment. Naturally this useful hybrid is more docile and intelligent than the horse. If a mule becomes entangled in his harness he will lie quietly until he is extricated, while a horse would struggle to free himself from his complications. A mule never becomes so frightened as to lose control of reason. A runaway mule was never known to hurt himself, as he instinctively avoids danger, while a frightened horse is liable to kill himself by running blindly into some obstacle in his mad career. The mule possesses the patience, endurance and sure footedness of his sire and the vigor and undaunted courage of the horse and is admirably adapted to use on the farm or the teaming industry of cities, where his services are becoming annually more highly appreciated.

Files Suit For Divorce.

(Lexington Leader.)

Former State Senator Charles J. Bronston filed suit in the Fayette Circuit Court Thursday afternoon for a divorce from Mrs. Belle Wisdom Bronston. Plaintiff says they were married March 13, 1897, and he treated defendant in a kind and affectionate manner and provided for her not only the comforts of life but also supplied her with luxuries and on March 13, 1907, she abandoned him. He says she is possessed in her own right of property to the value of $75,000 no part of the principal or income of which was used during their married life. He further asks a return of $23,780, advanced to her during their married life. The itemized statement on which the claim is based includes: Cash, $2,500; cash and notes, $5,500; improvements on home to be jointly occupied by them, $2,500; furnishings for their home including bric-a-brac and imported rugs, $3,500; a paid-up life insurance policy for $5,000; two diamond rings, $1,000; difference between the price at which sold to her and the price offered by another for East Main street property $3,180, and other items for smaller amounts which are given.

With plaintiff's petition are filed 19 interrogatories which he asks that the defendant be required to answer, relative to the advancement made and to four trips to Europe at his expense.

The plaintiff says the advancements of money and properties were made because of their marriage and they should be restored to him as the defendant has abandoned their marriage relation.

George C. Webb and the firm of Forman and Forman are attorneys for plaintiff.

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THE SAGE WAS WISE

And Likewise He Had an Ax to Grind.

"What you need with that young, growing family of yours is a cow," observed the Sage of the Suburb. "A cow's what you want."

"What would I want with a cow?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter.

"A cow has many uses," explained the Sage of the Suburb. "From her hide we make leather for boots and shoes and alligator traveling bags; her horns we fashion into knife handles, tortoise-shell back combs, musical instruments and pipes for sailors; from her blood we make puddings that are highly esteemed by people who like them; her hair imparts cohesiveness to the plaster on our walls, and her hoofs make delicious calves-foot jelly, or glue, according to the process employed, to say nothing of the bones, which have various uses, ranging from fertilizers to piano keys."

"Which is the more useful animal, the cow or the horse?" inquired the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "You remind me of a village debating society," he added.

"Inasmuch as I am a highly improving influence, I presume," said the Sage of the Suburb, complacently, "I might also mention that the cow imparts, under gentle pressure, an opaque white fluid composed of albuminoids, sugar, phosphate and water, which is secreted in the mammary glands.

"It is known as milk and may be used either as a beverage or in the composition of angel food; or, coagulated, it is manufactured into the article of commerce called cheese. The scum skimmed from the surface, or separated by centrifugal motion, makes a very fair imitation of butterine. It seems to me that your children might appreciate milk."

"They do," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "We get it regularly from the milkman. He sells ten quart tickets for a dollar. I've used it for years in the family."

"Pardon me; you think that you have," corrected the Sage of the Suburb. "In reality you are imperfectly assimilating a calcareous mixture that is rapidly paving your interior and paving the way for future disorders in the system."

"I'm not much on arts and crafts," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, "but I'll be willing to bet that you can't use the same material for paving material and fresco work. You think that I want a cow, do you?"

"I think that you need one," said the Sage of the Suburb. "You don't know what a comfort a cow can be till you keep one. You can't conceive the luxury of an abundant supply of fresh, pure, wholesome, sure-enough milk and cream until you have enjoyed it.

"You don't have to purchase tickets for a scanty, stinted measure of stuff that, even if it has had a milky foundation, has been so contaminated, germinated and inundated that it is totally unfit for human consumption by the time that it reaches you.

"With a cow you get milk—milk fresh from nature's font—the rich, sustaining, invigorating liquid that makes the calf frisk and kick up its heels in a frenzy of exuberant joy. I think your children are looking a little pale lately."

"That's a new one on me," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "What do you do, just pour the sour milk on a griddle and let it stay till it browns?"

"That's the idea exactly," replied the Sage of the Suburb. "I believe my wife usually mixes in a little flour and soda and an egg, but that may not be entirely necessary.

"You take those cakes with some good maple sirup and butter—that's another thing. I don't see that there would be anything to prevent you making your own butter. All you will need beside the cow is a churn."

"What does the cow do?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "I've heard of dogs churning, but I didn't suppose that a cow would be intelligent enough."

"She furnishes the cream," said the Sage.

"But not the maple sirup? That's extra?"

"Don't be a bigger idiot than you can help," said the Sage. "I'm talking seriously now. If you had a cow you would have all the advantages that I have mentioned, and buttermilk besides. You would have milk for drinking, milk for cooking and cream for your coffee and your berries. You would restore your poor children to health and save a large part of the cost of living, after the initial expense of purchase.

"The cost of feed is very little and you can milk her yourself and be the better for the exercise. You think it over, and talk it over with your wife. She's a sensible woman, and she'll tell you that I'm right."

"Well," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, as his visitor turned to leave, "I'll think it over. By the way," he called, "how much do you want for your old cow? Somebody told me that she was drying up."

WE PRINT
SALE BILLS
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The Bride's Table.

A pretty suggestion for a bride's table this year is a symbolic crown of happiness for the center of the table. The framework of the crown should consist of wire covered with white satin ribbon and maidenhair fern. Fill in the framework with white hyacinths and starry white Japanese narcissus, and have the points of the crown tipped with tiny white lighted tapers. From the chandelier, sweeping low over the table center, poise a soft white dove, suspended by broad white satin ribbons. Crown the dove with tiny hyacinth flowers, and have streamers of narrow white ribbon fall gracefully from its beak to the places arranged for the guests. Have dainty white heart shaped bonbonnieres attached to the ribbon ends. Inclose a tiny white pencil and a bit of ribbon tied paper in each heart box, and bid each guest write some sweet message of love and happiness to the bride, which she may carry with her on her journey into the new life.

Another charming decorative scheme for a bride consists of four long, loose streamers of white satin ribbon, stretched diagonally across the room from each of the four corners of wall and ceiling. The ribbons lattice each other by crossing in the center of the room over the dining table, and from the ribbon latticework unequal lengths of white satin ribbon should fall toward the table center, each delicate streamer ending with a bit of smilax, a dainty bow and a single inverted Easter lily. The overturned flowers form exquisite natural wedding bells.

For the centerpiece use a large round table mirror, hedged about with natural and artificial lilies. The artificial flowers should be set in beds of smilax and should have tiny lighted yellow tapers fastened firmly in the hearts of the flowers. The effect of the table will be indescribably pure and bridelike, and a delicate touch may be added by having at every cover a single natural Easter lily. Remove the stamens of each flower, and fill the flower cup with a dash of whipped cream and orange ice.

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at Haydon & Robertson's drug store. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Cure For Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

Crusade Against Rats.

Denmark has a rat law. The national government is to spend £1,600 a year and borough councils 3s. 3d. per 100 persons per year, to exterminate the pests. Each rat is said to cost a farthing a day in the material it destroys. In 18 weeks the total rats destroyed amounted to 163,000.

How to Cure Constipation

Simple Home Remedy That Is Safe and Pleasant

Few people escape constipation. Catching cold, over eating, worry, lack of exercise, failure to answer—promptly the calls of nature, diseased or weakened system or strong medicines may cause it. The too common practice of taking salts, or pills or some such violent cathartic has always done more harm than good. They make the bowels act quickly and violently simply because they irritate them, and leave them in a worse condition than before.

What is needed is a mild easy herb laxative, that gives regular daily movements in all cases, yet does not pain or gripe, and which will strengthen the bowels and tone up the system instead of depleting it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin taken at night before going to bed will bring an easy pleasant natural movement in the morning even in the most obstinate cases and without any bad effects. No pain, no gripe and it is so safe and pleasant to take, mothers give it to their babies with splendid results. It is an aid to digestion and tones up the system as well as cures bowel trouble. Dr. L. E. Covey, Savannah, Tenn., writes: "I get better results from it than any Pepsin I ever used." Dr. T. Jones, Osgood, Mo., says: "I consider Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin the best of all laxatives." Mrs. Almon Willis, Jamaica, Vt., says: "I truly believe it saved my little boy's life." Rev. A. J. Fletcher, Rutherford, Tenn., says: "I am 80 years old and your Syrup Pepsin has cured me of dyspepsia and bowel trouble."

W. D. Jackson, Burns Station, Tenn., says: "I was afflicted with constipation and dyspepsia for nine years, and found no relief until I used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin." All druggists sell it at 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

We are glad to send a free sample to any reader of this paper who has never used it and will give it a fair trial. Write today to Pepsin Syrup Co., 203 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

For sale by The Red Cross Drug Store.

Clubbing Rates
—WITH ALL THE—
Leading Magazines
—AND—
Daily
—AND—
Weekly
Newspapers
—LET US—
Save You Money!

Look! LOOK! Look!

...At the LABEL on Your Paper...

And if it Indicates that you are in ARREARS Try to make it Convenient to

PAY UP

We would like to be a little prosperous just at this time, and while Washington county is fairly groaning beneath her load of wealth, there is hardly an excuse for a single one of our readers to remain indebted to The Sun.

One, Two or Three Dollars

Is a small amount, and it will not inconvenience a single one of our subscribers to pay his subscription arrears, but it inconveniences The Sun to a very considerable extent to carry

Twelve or Fourteen Hundre Dollars in ubscription Accounts

it would make us prosperous to a happy degree to collect all of these "small amounts."

Last year, when hard times fastened its clutches upon so many of us, The Sun made little or no effort to collect subscription accounts. We believed the farmers were in no condition financially to meet even these small amounts, and, while we were very sorely in need of funds with which to make the mare go, or, in words, with which to "pay tribute to the paper trust," we were contented to keep plodding along; believing that in the end ALL WOULD BE WELL. You now have the money, will you not pay

The Springfield Sun

TWO CENTS PER SHINE
—OR—
52 SHINES FOR $1

ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving The Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.--Fierce Fury of The Gale.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the antarctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifsen, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aneroid as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the icy seas. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the ice side and met the gale, it came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul.—William Rittenhouse in Forward.

A Clever Barber.

"By heck, Cynthia," drawled old Farmer Hardapple after his visit to Chicago, "them thar city barbers are mind readers."

"That so, Hiram?" said his wife.

"Why, I should say so. The one I met knew that you cut my hair last, and, by gum, he never saw you in his life."—Chicago News.

By Indirection.

Heiress (to her military admirer)—That Mr. Krause is very inquisitive. He asked what my dowry amounted to. Lieutenant—Impertinent fellow! And what did you tell him?—Fliegende Blatter.

Praying Time.

A five-year-old boy on hearing grace asked for the first time at breakfast gravely remarked, "I only say my prayers at night. That is the danger ous time."—Life.

Corruption will never want a pretense.—Cato.

Senoras and Senoritas.

The married and unmarried women of the United States of Colombia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the senoras wearing them on the right side and the senoritas on the left.

The Springfield Sun, $1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, $1.50.

Thornbury Gets Honor.

At a meeting of the Democratic electors for the state of Kentucky, held in Frankfort Monday, Robert D. Thornbury, until recently editor of the Campbellsville Enquirer, was elected messenger to carry Kentucky's electoral vote to Washington. George Peters, who secured Thornbury's election, will accompany him.

The following resolutions were adopted at the meeting in Frankfort Monday:

"Whereas, the Democratic party of Kentucky and the Nation has just emerged from a memorable campaign for the supremacy of the historical principles of Democracy, and

"Whereas, though temporarily defeated in the Nation, the true, tried and unterrified Democracy of Kentucky, after probably the hardest fought battle in its history, has achieved a remarkable victory against great odds, and in the brief period of twelve months made a gain of 20,000 votes, and

"Whereas, while the whole rank and file of the party valiantly did their duty, every man in his own way, place and sphere, yet did the great responsibility of the heat and burden of the fray falls upon the shoulders of the Honorable Ben Johnson, chairman of the State Campaign Committee, and his able and earnest assistants and lieutenants; Hon. S. W. Hager, chairman of the Speakers' Bureau; Hon. Henry R. Prewitt, chairman of the Finance Committee, and Secretaries Robert G. Phillips and Rogers Gore, and how well these gentlemen met the trust reposed in them, is now a part of the history of our beloved Commonwealth, therefore be it

"Resolved by the Kentucky Representatives in the Presidential Electoral College.

"First, that the thanks and grattude of the Democracy of Kentucky and the nation are due all those who rendered party service, especially the Hon. Ben Johnson and his said able assistants.

"Second, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of those mentioned especially herein; that a copy of same be sent to the State Democratic Central and Executive Committees with the request that they be spread at large upon the minutes of said committees; that a copy thereof be furnished the Democratic press of the State. Be it further,

"Resolved, by the Democratic electors of Kentucky in College assembled that we extend the sincere thanks of the Democracy of the State to the Hon. Urey Woodson, National Committeeman for his faithful and untiring zeal in his splendid work, both in State and Nation in advancing and upholding the principles of Democracy, and we say to him 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Nice Neighbors.

"I see," said the head of the family, "fastening the braid across the front of his smoking jacket, "that some one has moved into the Briggs house across the street."

"Yes," responded the queen of the home, pouring tea into a dainty majolica tea cup, "and I do hope they will not be as troublesome as the Browns who have just moved away."

"Why, I thought the Browns were nice people," expostulated the husband, looking over his glasses in feigned surprise.

"Now, Edward!"

"But you always said they were. Don't you remember the night they got me out of bed at 11 o'clock—you know, the night after I had just got home from a long and hard trip on the road—and asked me would I please go over and see if Fanny had returned. They were at a party, you remember, and Fanny was the hired girl. They were afraid there might be burglars in the house and wouldn't I just as soon go armed and chase them out?"

"Yes, dear," feebly.

"And you know how I got up and dressed and went over there in the rain and got arrested for trying to break into my neighbor's residence? And how there were no burglars at all and Fanny had been in for two hours? And how, on that other occasion, they left their dog with us and he ate his rag and got into the pound and got shot and I had to pay for him, because Mrs. Brown wept so hard it touched my heart? And—"

"Now, Edward!"

"And how, when I fumed about it, you said, sweetly: 'Please, Edward. They really are nice people, only we do have such bad luck with them?' And how I loaned Mr. Brown that $10 worth of change one night and he never did think to pay me and went away owing us the money? And—"

"Oh, I wish you would stop, Ed—"

But just at this point there was a violent ring at the back door and the queen went hurriedly to answer it.

"Please, ma'am," piped a not very reassuring boyish voice, "ma sez would you be kind enough to let her have a pound of butter and your rolling-pin until tomorrow mornin'. We gist moved in across frum you and she says she 'spose we'll be neighborly!"

And when the lady of the house returned with a long face, the man of the house was grinning gleefully.

"They are nice people, too, I see," was all he said, but the woman shut her lips tightly and did not deign to make reply.

⊙-⊙-⊙

Paragraphic Back Talk.

How a woman can watch her neighbors and a baking of biscuits at the same time, has always been a mystery to me.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many a man has cried "enough" when he was down, just for a chance to get out from under and fight again.

☆ ☆ ☆

A lot of fellows get their reflections in life by holding their mirrors in front of people who say things.

☆ ☆ ☆

Telegraph operators may not all be long to the 400 but they certainly have a click of their own.

☆ ☆ ☆

Shylock might as well have been a vegetarian, after all. He didn't get his pound of flesh.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many a wall is dirty under the whitewash—and it's the same way with some men.

☆ ☆ ☆

A man who has been divorced always takes especial interest in problem plays.

⊙-⊙-⊙

Scissorette.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door-post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked around to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing-gown.

"Why, father; what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the doorbell, and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

⊙-⊙-⊙

Loss to Hotel.

John Pancake has severed his connection with the Hotel London Company and has gone to Lilly Chapel where he has accepted a position in the Farrar & Wood's elevator.—Anderson (Mich.) Tribune.

Byron Williams

When You Buy
BUY AT HOME
The Home Merchants merit your support, they are the mainstays of the community. And when you buy of Home Merchants, buy of those who advertise.

CLUBBING RATES
—WITH—
LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year	$5 00
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday)	6 40
Same including Sunday	8 20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week	3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week six months	2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year	2 80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year	3 52
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year	4 90

The Tjitjak's Liar Exposed.

Tjitjaks are a species of lizard of the chameleon family, some of them three inches long. They crawl anywhere, having a preference for the inner side of a man's shirt. In India tjitjaks are desirable, as they devour mosquitoes and other insects.

Why Suffer?

If you suffer pain from any cause, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills will relieve it—and leave no bad after-effects. That's the important thing. Neither do they create a habit. More often the attacks become less frequent, or disappear altogether. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have no other effect except to relieve pain and quiet nervous irritation.

"We are never without Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. My husband and son, aged 15 were always subject to sick headache until we began using these Pills, and they have broken them up entirely. Don't think they have had to use them for six months. I recommend them to every one. A few weeks ago I heard an old lady friend was sick. I went to see her. She was down with LaGrippe, and nearly crazy with awful backache. I gave her one of the Anti-Pain Pills and left another for her to take in a short time. They helped her right away, and she says she will never be without them again. Last winter my husband was taken with pleurisy on both sides, and I know he would have died if it hadn't been for the Pills. In less than half an hour he was sweating, and went to bed and slept."
MRS. G. H. WEBB,
Austinburg, Ohio.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

SPRINGFIELD SUN

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J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.00
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

Hero-Worshiping.

In discussing the divorce problem a writer in the Delineator for February says:

"Finally, two-thirds of all divorces are granted upon demand of the wife. This suggests that the standards of morality of the male element of the population are not what they should be, and that husbands too often give ground for divorce by immoral conduct. Higher standards of morality are necessary as civilization advances, and conduct which the wife overlooked in the husband a half-century ago, or bore in silence, now becomes a ground for divorce."

"Two-thirds of all divorces are granted upon demand of the wife," is undoubtedly true, and it can hardly be denied that nine out of every ten women who seek divorces have good grounds for asking for a legal separation. The immediate cause for separation may be correctly charged up to the perfidy of the man, but the primary cause, in most cases, must be credited to the woman. She doesn't use half as much common sense in selecting a husband that a stock trader uses in selecting a mule colt in the fall for plowing purposes the following spring.

A girl is a natural hero-worshiper, and the chances are that she will look with adorable eyes upon a shaggy-headed football player, and turn up her nose at the young fellow who has many brains and little brawn. Most women like dash, intense activity, and even gun-play in men. The fellow who can jump a ten-rail fence is "perfectly adorable," while the man who pursues the even tenor of his way, with an easy swing, making ends meet nicely, and laying the foundation for a successful career, is seen only in the light of peevishness. At the marriage altar many girls look admiringly into the face of a man who has cheap heroism stamped in every feature, but the heroism soon wears off, and the wife's affection too often turns to a galling pain. The hero of sweetheart days becomes a cheap "fleshpot" when the stern reality of the meat and bread problem crowds itself into married life. The martyr of the football field fails to buy shoes for the little ones, and he neglects the corn bread and side meat end of the marriage contract. Then, too, down deep into his shriveled heart a desire is born for the affections of other women, and he stays out late at night, drinking cheap whisky at the expense of friends. A separation follows. Then divorce proceedings, and in a little while a beautiful girl of ten summers ago, with her babies and other meager belongings, is facing the cold world in an effort to keep soul and body together.

We reiterate, the cause of the trouble lies at her door. She snubbed the big-hearted fellow—the man into whose head the Good Lord placed an abundance of brains—and allowed herself to be led to the marria e altar by a fellow who mastered the bucking broncho and shot a nickel out of the forks of a tree. The desire for romance frequently leads a good and beautiful girl into a pit as deep as hell, and often she is only lifted out to be cast adrift upon a treacherous sea, with its leaping billows.

Girls, measure the man well. Look into his heart, and soul, and mind with a vision as clear as the blue skies, and if you find that he lacks even one of the elements of true manhood, turn from him as you would from the hissing viper in the weeds. He will sting with a tooth a thousand-fold more poisonous than the reptile. He will not only kill the body, but he will destroy the soul, and turn your face toward the black doom of hell.

A Kansas Dispute.

Two Kansas papers are disputing over the question of which is correct: "politics is, or politics are." We won't get into the argument unless one of these editors rises to remark that "politics ain't hell." If either one of the enlightened brethren of Kicking Kansas should deny this allegation by a gentleman of Kentucky, we would at once fly into the arena, and in the heat of our wrath, suh, tell him that he is an infernal liar, suh.

Living On Hope.

The value of farm products for 1908 is seven billion seven hundred and eighty eight million dollars, and Washington county has her share of this magnificent sum. Praise the Lord from whom all blessings flow! Now, there is no "evident" reason why the Springfield Sun should be turning hand-springs over the country's prosperity; about all we have in this world's goods is an extra pair of socks, and that piece of property is in our wife's name. However, we are hoping the boys who owe us subscription coin will shell-out, and that some evening we will pull up beneath our vine and fig tree with jingling joy in our January jeans.

Since we quit the bottle, thirty-three years ago, we have been living on HOPE, and we are now convinced it will keep one alive longer than corn bread and bacon. But, to tell the plain truth, we wouldn't object to having a few delicacies—extras, mind you—such as dollars-on-subscriptions would afford us. Hope is good enough until a fellow wears a hole in his breeches, and he is then forced to get down to business; he must wrestle with a cold, stubborn fact, and it requires heroic endeavors to meet and combat the situation.

Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, our garments are getin' thin in spots; we HOPED all last summer for a mild winter. Thus far the climate has been sort o' gentle-like, but the weather prognosticators inform us that in February Jack Frost is going to nip everything thinly clad. You are, therefore, advised to blanket your horses, house your cows, shelter your billy goats, look at the label on your paper and pay your subscription; and we will all be made comfortable for the rest of the winter.

We Are the Loser.

We have always contended that a man could make a fortune out of a "patent kicker"—some sort of an apparatus that could get around behind a fellow and kick like a yearling mule. We need a kicking, and just at this time we would trade The Sun's little job press for one of these machines. It's this way. The editor of this eight-page (part plate) sheet was in Louisville the 29th of December—the day the Mid-Winter Kentucky Press Association met in the Seelbach, and he didn't attend the meeting, although he was "right there" in the hotel "talking politics" while the K. P. A. was in session. We have just read Miss A. Louise Babbage's paper, printed in the American Press, and we have also seen her picture; the paper is good, the picture is mighty good, and we are awful sorry our trousers bagged at the knees that day, and that our old overcoat looked so rusty. Candidly, that's what kept us out of the meeting. We didn't have nerve enough, attired, as we were, so rustically and rurally, to go among so many elegantly dressed gentlemen, therefore, we missed a treat in Miss Babbage's paper.

There was Col. Harry Sommers dressed up fit to kill, in a Prince Albert; Col. Ed. O. Leigh looked like he was just out of a band box; had his hair pasted down, and was otherwise nicely arranged; Col. Charlie Howard was fixed up—mustache curled—until you didn't know whether he was The LaRue Herald or the Washington Post; John R. Thomas, of the Marion Falcon, had on an extra shine, and his pantaloons were creased just like a brand new garment. To make a long story short, the whole crowd appeared mighty sweet and cute, and showed off to the very best advantage. Everybody was dressed up and —also had on perfumery; and we just couldn't think of mixing and mingling with so much elegance. But since we have read Miss Babbage's paper and seen her picture we are sorry we didn't sneak in anyhow, and listen and look. Next time it happens we are going to attend, even if we have to borrow some clothes from the New Haven Echo.

Rescuing Children.

"Kentucky's Little Citizens" is the name of a new exchange which we have upon our table. It is printed under the auspices of the "Kentucky Children's Home Society," and is edited by Messrs. Geo. L. Sehon and C. C. Ousley. The Society that this paper represents is one which should be supported in a most substantial way by all Kentuckians. It is a rescue station for little children who are drifting in dangerous currents, toward cesspools of crime and degredation, and the men and women who are interested in the work should be encouraged, not by empty words of praise, but by liberal contributions from all who are interested in the future citizenship of Kentucky. When this Society takes a child from environments of crime, and places it in a Christian home, it has done Kentucky a service that can not be accurately measured. Let us suppose the child had not been rescued from its miserable abode, and suppose it had been permitted to grow to manhood in an atmosphere of thieves and murderers, and that this man went forth upon errands of crime and debauchery, do you not see that his criminal career would cost Kentucky much in money, and perhaps much in human life? When a child is taken from a highway of crime, and a good citizen is made of it, the world is indebted to the man or woman who turned the current of the life toward paths of righteousness.

The Sun is glad to receive "Kentucky's Little Citizens." It's a good paper, espousing a good cause.

The Nation Needs Good Men.

"All good men" are occasionally advised to "keep out of politics;" they are told that it is very dangerous ground for young men to walk upon, and that promising business careers are often ruined by "dabbling in matters political." To some extent this is true, and in some respects the advise is good. But, may we not ask what would become of the country if ALL GOOD MEN headed this advice? Where would the nation be in ten years from now if ALL GOOD MEN refused to enter the political arena in contests for public office? The perpetuity of the Republic is due to the fact that good, patriotic, level-headed citizens are now and then inducted into office through ground-skuffling in political fights.

The affairs of our State and county would be as mixed as a Chinese puzzle if ALL GOOD MEN turned their backs upon politics; gratters would steal everything from the new Capitol down to the ink stands in the offices of our district constables.

Stealing the Peoples' Money.

Three Philadelphia bankers were sentenced to the penitentiary a few days ago for the very insignificant offense of stealing the people's money. The people have been robbed so often, and in so many different ways, that they have become accustomed to it by this time. We imagine it will inconvenience these Philadelphia financiers to stay in prison; besides it may, in a small way, be embarrassing. How very ridiculous it is to send bankers to the penitentiary for stealing the peoples' money, when the people want somebody to steal their money. The people—the dear, good, sovereign people—file into the voting booths of the country every year and vote for individuals whose only desire for office lies in the fact that the office will enable them to steal the people's money.

The Hat Question.

Twenty-five thousand hat-makers, of New Jersey, are on a strike, but there is no danger of the country going hatless, even if the strike continues for a dozen years. There is enough stuff in that last-spring Merry Widow hat to make head-gear for the world for the next thirty years. It will only be necessary to cut off pieces and tie 'em with ribbons when a new hat is wanted.

Matthews Complaining.

Editor Rufus Matthews, of the Taylor County Sentinel, is complaining because there were no marriage licenses issued by the County Clerk of Taylor county last week. These lulls in matrimonial matters are always a little "aggervatin'," but we would advise our friend Matthews that there is no need to worry. We have every reason to believe that the Taylor county "bac'ardness" is not permanent, and that with the coming of the buds, "leafy retreats," swinging hammocks, mellow skies, and ice cream and soda water, the swains of the good old county of Taylor will resume the making of goo-goo eyes—and then marriage licenses will sell like ninety-nine-cent articles.

Bosum Friends of Ours.

General Lawrence, of the Cadiz Record, is one of the "severest" writers in Kentucky. If he can't take the hide off it's because the subject has been previously thoroughly skinned. He says things with Gattling-gun force, and drives as caster as a Western cow boy. we want it distinctly understood that we are his bosom-friend, and ain't got nothin' ag'in him. We also serve the same notice on Colonel Walton, of the State Journal. We don't mind being shot at by Morse Henry, and other sharp-shooters, too numerous to mention; occasionally they miss, or the powder spews, but General Lawrence and Colonel Walton hit meat every time they touch the trigger. They go after a fellow like a Rocky Mountain avalanche; and we have every reason to believe that not even a greasy spot is left to tell the tale of destruction.

Ben Tillman, Attention!

William King, a fifteen-year-old boy, of West Point, Ky., assaulted a young lady with a pitchfork last week. He is now under arrest, and may be sent to the penitentiary. The attention of the Hon. Ben Tillman is called to the serious charge against this young man. We would advise Senator Tillman that he, too, may "get in bad" if he persists in buttin' into Tedious Teddy with that very dangerous "weepon," the pitchfork.

Gratitude.

President J. Campbell Cantrill, of the Kentucky A. S. of E., announces that he will accept no salary as President of that organization. On the face of this may be seen "generosity," but when we delve a little deeper into the matter we are enabled to see "gratitude" upon the part of Mr. Cantrill. Why, didn't the boys of the Society just turn the world upside down for him last summer in cinching his nomination for Congress in a district 7,000 Democratic?

Miserably Mad.

Senator Bradley and Editor Roberts, both of whom are stanch, stench, strong Republicans, are miserably mad at each other. Bradley wants the pot, the pottage, the pans and the pie which are to be handed over to the good, old Commonwealth of Kentucky by Mr. Taft. Editor Roberts' wants run along in the same direction, and that's where the rub comes in. The fellow who said "man wants but little here below" didn't know what he was talking about.

Price Too High.

The newspapers are telling about a Philadelphia man who wants to sell himself for $1,000. A cur pup can be bought for 25c, or a billy goat, with nice whiskers, for $2.50; with these two beautiful animals selling at such prices nobody—not even a ripe old maid—would be willing to pay such a fabulous price for a man.

Accusations.

Mayor Grinstead, of Louisville, up to the present time, has not been accused, in the public prints of horse-stealing, but they are telling things about him that would make the Paul-Barth-horse-story look very insignificant.

Hello' a Time.

Louisville is having a hello' a time with the telephone companies and the Lonisville Herald is firing double-leaded matter into Mayor Grinstead. Some pretty broad insinuations are placed at the Mayor's door.

Shake!

Editor J. C. Alcock, of the Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Jeffersonian, has enlarged his paper. There are now few as good, none better! Shake!

Bob Thornsbury, Messenger.

The Sun congratulates Mr. Robert Thornsbury, who was recently elected Messenger to carry Kentucky's electoral vote to Washington, where it will be placed to the credit of Mr. Bryan.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Ingratitude.

No more beside the purring lake
Where fairy barks float to and fro,
Shall you and I pursue the way—
Where trooping bands of Dryads go.
No more in some sequestered spot
Beneath the turquoise blue above
Shall we, enconced from prying eyes,
Untangle problems born of love.

The lake beneath the browning hills
Is lapping in the good old way,
The paths lead onward as of old
And leaves are floating in the bay;
The sky o'erhead is just as fair
As when we crossed the meadowed sea
Or idled, silent, hand in hand,
Through rosy Agapemone!

No more the ripple calls to us,
No more the shadows, half asleep,
Are beckoning our eager feet
To where the shade is cool and deep—
You married and went far away,
And of your goodly brood of nine,
Not one was christened after me
Who courted you, in auld lang syne!

Just Grazing.

When a man is short he must work a long time to get up in the world again.

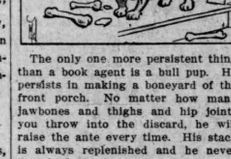
☆ ☆ ☆

An Iowa editor claims that stealing a kiss is not petty larceny. He says any girl will tell you it is grand.

☆ ☆ ☆

If a man has the raw material for being a blamed fool, he cannot blame the fakir for taking advantage of opportunities.

☆ ☆ ☆



The only one more persistent thing than a book agent is a bull pup. He persists in making a boneyard of the front porch. No matter how many jawbones and thighs and hip joints you throw into the discard, he will raise the ante every time. His stack is always replenished and he never goes broke on bones.

☆ ☆ ☆

When a young man goes in to ask father, he makes the mistake of assuming that father hasn't noticed him hanging 'round. Fathers have a way of knowing a lot of things and keeping still about them if they are pleased. If they are not pleased, the fact that father has noticed will be brought forcibly to the attention long before the young man gets courage to stammer his request.

Yarns.

A Topeka, Kansas, doctor says that whiskers carry germs and should be prohibited by law. When the doctor was asked if clothes didn't carry germs and if people should be prohibited by law from wearing them he had no answer to make.

When a man asks a woman to marry him, she tells her mother, goes without gloves in zero weather to show off her ring, makes a confidant of every girl she knows, in order that they may have plenty of time in which to get up kitchen showers, etc., and keeps lingerie in the parlor, in order to show it. Still, she falls over in a fit if the announcement is made in the papers. Does any one know why this modesty that out-shrieks the violet is displayed only in regard to newspapers?

An editor relates the following: "When first he came to see her, he showed a timid heart; and even when the light was low they sat this far apart, but as their love grew warmer, they learned its joy and bliss and sat upcloselikethis."

On the Way.

One way to lose your rich relatives is to stay poor.

☆ ☆ ☆

And I suppose Eve asked Adam if she was the first woman he ever had kissed.

☆ ☆ ☆

The wages of sin are so large that a lot of people take long chances on death.

☆ ☆ ☆

The art of living consists in being just dissatisfied enough to progress and not dissatisfied enough to be miserable.

☆ ☆ ☆

An Iowa man, a bachelor, says when he gets married he is going to marry a woman that can make pumpkin pie. Geet if that's all he wants, I know a nigger mammy down south that will suit him to a "T."

☆ ☆ ☆

A New York newspaper wants to know if we envy the Tennessee man and wife who lived together 20 years and never spoke but once. No, we don't envy 'em, but we would like to know what they said that once!

Byron Williams

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

M. H. Jones, Springfield, has for sale a good milk cow.

W. D. Claybrooke has for sale a thorough bred Poland China Boar. One year old.

Dr. W. E. Crume, Fredericktown, has for sale a six-year-old fancy saddle and harness stallion.

A. C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale White Plymouth Rock cockerels, $1.00 each.

W. D. Claybrooke has for sale a lot of baled straw. Will deliver in Springfield.

W. P. Merritt, Springfield, has for sale full-blooded Berkshire hogs at prices to suit purchaser; also one Hereford bull, registered.

Mrs. Ed Birch, Springfield, Star Route, has for sale pure bred M. B. turkeys. Toms, $3; hens, $2.

J. S. Thomas, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred white turkeys—toms, $2, hens, $1.50.

Mrs. R. B. Cregor, Rt. 3, Lebanon, Ky., has thorough bred chickens for sale. S. C. Rhode Island Reds, pullets 50c each, cockerels 75c each. B. P. Rocks, pullets and cockerels 50c each. These prices good for one month.

I have a nice lot of pure M. B. turkeys for sale. Will sell toms for $3, hens $2. Those wishing turkeys, would be pleased to fill their order at once, as I want to get rid of them not later than Xmas. Miss Eliza McIntire, R. F. D. 5, phone 99-D.

Mrs. J. R. Claybrooke, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred Bourbon Reds. Toms, $3; hens, $2.

FINE FARM For Sale!

We desire to sell our farm at Fredericktown, Ky., Washington county.

FARM CONSISTS OF

400 Acres

175 ACRES FINE BOTTOM LAND, BALANCE UPLAND WITH PLENTY OF VIRGIN SOIL AND TIMBER.

All of the bottom land and most all of the upland grows fine tobacco. Improvements are; Modern Brick of ten rooms, 3 good tenant houses, tobacco barn, stock barns, and all necessary buildings to each house.

Will sell as a whole or in 3 or 4 parts, with improvements on each part. Possession of two houses and one-half or more of the land can be given now, and all other contracts will be turned over to purchasers.

Call on or address

Mrs. M. L. or Pearl Connor,
Fredericktown, Ky.

NOTICE!

I have sold my interest in the store of Thompson Bros., at Litsey, and notice is hereby given that all accounts must be settled on or before March 1. After that date accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. BOOKS AT THE STORE.

Robt. M. Thompson.

7-6t-upd

Dr. W. R. MORGAN
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
PERMANENTLY LOCATED
At Wharton & Tapp's Stable in Springfield
Rates Reasonable. 'PHONE 3.

Read This

If you want a home and come to see me.

Farm of 135 acres in one mile of Springfield, dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, plenty of grass, plenty of tobacco land, well fenced and well watered. Will sell on easy terms or cash. Price $6,000.00.

Good 7 room dwelling on one of the best streets in Springfield, good stable, water in yard, good well, 6 acres of ground, good garden, good shade, house new. Price $3,000.00.

House, 10 rooms, 2 acres of ground, stable, fine garden, hen house, coal house, fine pastures, in fact everything necessary. $2,100.00.

This property is only on the market for a short time. If you want any of it call on or write me at once.

B. D. LAKE
Real Estate Agent
Springfield, Ky.

The Sun and Courier-Journal $1.50.
The Springfield Sun, $1.00 per year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal $1.50.

Dr. G. T. Burton
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, - - Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

FOR SALE.—A new Singer sewing machine. Never been used.
M. H. JONES.

A. C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale White Plymouth Rock cockerels, $1 00 each

FOR RENT.—Ten acres of good tobacco land, for either money or part crop. Apply to S. M. CAMPBELL,
Springfield, Ky.

Sell your Hides and Furs to Grinstead. He pays highest prices. Jones old stand.

I have 1,500 bushels of good coal for sale at a reduced price.
M. H. JONES.

Messrs. S. J. Anderson and O. D. Hatchett have purchased from Shultz & Riedel their hardward and plumbing establishment and will take charge of the business the first of February. The new firm will be a strong one, and will doubtless continue to enjoy the large patronage of the old firm.

Hon. William Durrett Claybrooke is extending invitations to the citizens of Washington and adjoining counties to call at his beautiful country home, near town, to see a daughter who arrived last Friday morning. Everybody is invited to come before noon and remain with the family and the young lady to dinner.

Dr. W. R. Morgan, the veterinary surgeon, who has located here, saved a very fine horse of Mr. J. R. Barber's Sunday night. The animal was suffering of acute indigestion and it was thought it would die, but Dr. Morgan successfully treated and cured it. When needing work in his line you will find him at Wharton & Tapp's livery stable. Night phone 36.

The Star Amusement Company recently offered a handsome lamp to the most popular young lady in Springfield, the contest to be decided by voting. A vote was given with each ticket and the contest waxed warm for several nights, but when the votes were counted on last Monday night it was found that Miss Neil Greene had 513 majority. We may add that Miss Greene is a Democrat, and while others of her opponents were also Democrats, we are going to count this as a sort of Democratic victory, just to keep up courage in the face of the party's recent defeat for President.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c. at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

Printer's Ink

When used on good presses and neatly displayed type for your stationery is valuable. We have every facility for doing the best of job work, at a minimum price.

WILLISBURG.

Mr. George Colvin bought of Mrs. Rose A. Hughes a horse.

Mr. Sleet Pinkston bought of Mr. Jerome Wohner some hay for 65 cents a bale.

Mr. Walter Hale was in Springfield Saturday.

Mr. William Shewmaker and son, Stanley, spent Friday with Mr. Henry Colvin, of Rock Run.

Mrs. Martha Cooksey and son, Clyde, have returned from a visit to her brother, Mr. Robert Literal, of near Lawrenceburg.

We are having plenty of rain and snow.

Mr. Thomas Trent, of Willisburg, died last Sunday night of cancer. The remains were laid to rest Tuesday.

Mr. Flauntley Shewmaker, ninety-one years of age, was found dead in bed last Saturday morning.

Mr. William Derringer and wife, of Valley Hill, spent Friday night with his daughter, Mrs. Jerome Wonner, of Willisburg.

How To Clean White Gloves.

There is no excuse for not wearing white gloves in the morning, because to keep them clean is so little trouble and absolutely no expense. In the afternoon or evening the gloves should be put to soak overnight in water that is only warm, but very soapy. Any good white laundry soap serves the purpose. In cases where the gloves are extremely dirty soap may be rubbed on them directly, but this sometimes stiffens the leather. After lying in the water until the next day the gloves should be put into a fresh soapy bath and squeezed, not rubbed, under water. The soaking will have loosened the dirt, and this one bath should be sufficiently cleansing. If it is not, put the gloves through another soapy water and then rinse in warm, not hot, water, always squeezing and never rubbing. When the last vestige of grime is removed, spread out the gloves on a soft towel, pulling them into shape. Every hour or so afterward they should be taken down and rubbed between the hands. In this lies the secret of their drying soft.

Our Sympathy

is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper *stands for your interests* and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT Pain or Danger

All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)

Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mrs. Ruel Foster and brother, Mr. Robert Russell, spent Monday in Louisville.

—Mr. Henry Royalty left Monday for Bowling Green to attend school.

—Mr. Evan Hagan was in Indianapolis the first of the week.

—Mr. Jim Graves was in Louisville Monday.

—Mr. Jesse Rapier, of Bardstown, was in town Sunday.

—Mrs. Will Daisy and little son, of Louisville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Noe.

—Mr. Booth Carrico, of Holy Cross, spent a few days here last week.

—Mr. W. H. McCawley, who has been ill of la grippe, is able to be out again.

—Miss Cecelia Smith has returned to her home in Louisville, after spending several days with friends and relatives here.

—Mrs. Margaret Bettis and Miss Lucy Selecman left Tuesday for Fort Scott, Kan., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Cheschier, after which Mrs. Bettis will go to Little Rock, Ark., to spend some time with Mrs. Horace Booker.

—Mr. J. S. Claybrooke spent Sunday and Monday in Louisville.

—Miss Annie McElroy has returned home, after spending two weeks in Louisville.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McIntire returned home to-day, after a visit to relatives in Meade county.

—Mr. J. R. Montgomery, who accompanied his brother, Mr. Frank Montgomery, to Rome City, Ind., has returned home.

—Miss Fannie Smith is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Bloomfield.

—Miss Nannie Ray Thurman, of Lebanon, is the guest of Judge and Mrs. I. H. Thurman.

—Miss Pearl Connor, of Fredericktown, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Kate Williams.

—Mr. Louis Kelly spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Robertson have returned from Cincinnati.

—Mr. John Smith, of Bloomfield, was in town last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Cox and little daughter and Miss Kate Blakeman, of Greensburg, visited Mrs. E. C. Cox last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Durham are in Campbellsville to see their son, who is attending school there, and who is very ill with typhoid-pneumonia.

—Messrs. W. T. Leachman, Sam Anderson, Shaker Robertson and Murray Floyd attended the K. C. meeting in Lebanon Monday night.

Specials

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY!
at Cunningham & Duncan's

AGAIN we are going to give the people of Washington and adjoining counties an opportunity to buy goods at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. It is unnecessary to "multiply words" in telling the trade about the Reduction we have made. The prices quoted in this advertisement speak for themselves. Read them over, and be convinced.

Cloaks.

Women's Cloaks, worth	$20.00, for	$13.00
Women's Cloaks, worth	15.00, for	10.00
Women's Cloaks, worth	12.50, for	8.50
Women's Cloaks, worth	10.00, for	6.50
Women's Cloaks, worth	8.00, for	5.00

Misses and Children's Cloaks proportionally as low.

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S Suits and Overcoats

$27.50 Suits	$20.00	$25.00 Overcoat	$20.00
25.00 Suits	18.50	22.50 Overcoat	17.50
20.00 Suits	14.00	20.00 Overcoat	15.00
18.00 Suits	12.50	17.50 Overcoat	12.50
15.00 Suits	10.00	15.00 Overcoat	10.00
12.50 Suits	9.50	12.50 Overcoat	9.00
10.00 Suits	7.50	10.00 Overcoat	7.00
7.50 Suits	5.00	7.50 Overcoat	5.00

Carpets, Wall Paper, Lace Curtains, Window Shades

Axminister Carpets worth $1.25, for	$1.10
Velvet Carpets worth $1.10, for	.95
Tapestry Carpets worth $1.10 for	.90
Tapestry Carpets worth $1.00 for	.85
Tapestry Carpets worth 90c for	.70
Best 2-ply Ingrains worth 80c for	.70
Best C. C. Ingrains worth 65c for	.50
Best Union Ingrains worth 50c for	.40
9x12 Room size Rugs	$10, $12.50, $15 and $20
Wall Paper 4c, 5c, 7½c and 10c worth 7½c, 10c, 12c and 15c.	
Lace Curtains worth $1.25 for	.75
Lace Curtains worth 1.50 for	$1.00
Lace Curtains worth 2.50 for	1.50
Lace Curtains worth 3.00 for	2.00
Lace Curtains worth 3.50 for	2.50
7 foot Opaque Linen Shades	.30
6 foot Opaque Linen Shades	.25

Supply of Tobacco Canvass

These prices are for January only, and are Lower than have ever been made on similar goods.

Cunningham & Duncan
SPRINRFIELD, - - - KENTUCKY.

—The Misses Rudd entertained a number of their friends at euchre Tuesday evening.

—Miss Jeanette Hilpp has returned to her home in Lebanon, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hatchett.

—Misses Lillian and Katie Lancaster, of Tacoma, Wash., who have been the guests of Mrs. C. J. Haydon, left today for Lebanon to visit friends and relatives.

—Misses Lizzie Leachman and Jennie Adams are spending a few days in Hardsburg with Miss Adams' sister.

—Mrs. Wallace Brown, of Bardstown, is the guest of Mrs. H. R. Thompson.

—Mr. Evan Rogers, of Lebanon, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hagan.

—Mrs. Fred Hagan left to-day for Lebanon to visit her brothers, Messrs. Will and Evan Rogers.

—Mr. W. S. Gibbs is in Shelby county.

—Judge John S. Kelly, of Bardstown, was here Tuesday.

—Mr. Chester Cecil, who has been in the Standing Army, is at his home at Fredericktown.

—Mrs. J. E. Butler and son, T. C. Butler, of New Hope, Ala., will arrive to-day to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Claybrooke.

—Ricketts Boulware, who contracted scarlet fever about five weeks ago, and who has been in voluntary quarantine since that time, now has a health certificate from his physician, and has resumed his studies in the Springfield Graded School. Few greater calamities can befall a boy of Ricketts' activity and fresh-air inclinations than to be housed up while the sun shineth and the rain falleth, and the other fellows are out in it all having barrels of fun. Mrs. Boulware is also released from the quarantine, and we may also add from Ricketts, who was very likely daily engaging in acrobatic stunts and gymnastic maneuvers in the family room.

The SUN $1

Invest Your Money in Life Insurance Stock.

Why stand back and let your enterprising neighbor reap a fortune on the best paying stock ever offered to the American public, when you can buy Southern National Life Insurance Stock in small quantities to suit the working man's purse. I am selling Insurance and Stock on easy plan. Call me at Dr. Hyatt's office and I will be glad to explain our contract to you. This proposition will be offered for a few days only.
E. T. WIGGINTON,
District Manager.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at Haydon & Robertson's drug store. 25c.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND THE

Great CLEARANCE SALE

Of Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' Suits and Cloaks, and all ODDS and ENDS of Each Department

Going on at "THE BIG STORE"

..This Sale will Last for 30 Days..

In order to Clean-up the different stocks we are Offering some WONDERFUL BARGAINS. Special efforts will be made to reduce stock of Men's and Boy's Clothing and Ladies and Children's Cloaks. This is an Exceptional Chance to by Winter Goods at VERY LOW PRICES and you should take advantage of it.

The ROBERTSON-CLAYBROOKE Co. INCORPORATED **Springfield, Ky.**

Do You Want a SMALL FARM?

LOOK AT THESE!

Cheaper Than You Can Build a House!

No. 101.—**60 acres,** 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good 5 room dwelling, good stock barn, good orchard, all under good fence. One-fourth mile from school and one mile from church. **Price, $1,800.**

No. 102.—**49 acres,** 3 miles from Springfield, one-half mile from pike, 6 room dwelling, small stock barn, plenty of locusts, good fence, all in grass, plenty of water. **Price, $1,200.**

B. D. LAKE, ...The Real Estate Man.... SPRINGFIELD, KY.

THE SIGNAL MAN'S STORY

Bruin Enjoyed His Electric Bath.

"I sat up there in my signal tower in the Otterkill valley," said the talkative railroad telegraph operator, "blowing smoke rings from my pipe and jumping through them when I heard the train dispatcher calling me on the wire. I answered and he directed me to put the bug against extra 733 west, as he had orders to give 'em.

"In that tower we had in addition to the ordinary semaphore signals a distant signal for westbound trains, as they approached the tower from a curve on a down grade. It was operated by an electric switch in the tower.

"So when I received the instructions from the train dispatcher I set the electric signal and waited for the 733 to show. In a few minutes I was surprised to see her come around the curve under full head of steam, making about 30 miles an hour with a light train. Of course as soon as the engineer saw the semaphore at the tower at danger he whistled for down brakes and salted her, as the railroad expression is when the engineer is compelled to reverse his locomotive in order to make a sudden stop.

"At that they ran a couple of train lengths by the tower and the conductor had to walk back about 500 feet to get the dispatcher's message. To make a conductor cheerful, just compel him to walk a few extra feet for a message setting out additional work for his crew.

"Well, say, you would have had to have a shorthand specialist to get down the shorter and uglier words which passed between the knight of the throttle, the train crew and myself. They averred that I hadn't set the distant signal at danger to warn them what to expect when they came in sight of the tower. I just as strenuously maintained that I had set the signal. But what was my word against seven or eight of them?

"The same thing happened several times and I got reported to the superintendent as being lax in my watchful care of the signals. I vigorously defended myself and set forth that the electric signal must be out of kilter, so they sent a lineman to look it over.

"We tested it thoroughly, the lineman walking around the curve and staying there while I threw the signal to danger and released it time and again. It worked to perfection.

"Of course it looked bad for me. In the eyes of the boss I was getting to be an undesirable citizen and he was rapidly taking shape in my mind as a flabby person troubled with stony degeneration of the heart.

"Notwithstanding the close inspection of the repair man the incorrigible signal still sulked, its balkiness being particularly apparent just after dusk at night and along just before daybreak in the morning. In the gloaming one evening I set a distant signal in order to stop the Mountain express, owing to obstructed track. The repair man happened to be in the tower.

"The way that passenger came around that turn was a caution. Having high pressure air brakes, they stopped without going a great distance. This was the last straw for me. Leaving the inspector in charge of the tower, I ran around the curve with a lantern to do a little inspecting on my own hook.

"Approaching the signal I saw it was at safety all right. I heard howls of pain and then saw a large bear seated on the base of the metal signal pole making frantic endeavors to free himself. Hastily getting a gun, we dispatched his bearship and thereafter the signal was right up to snuff.

"The way we doped it out was that at some time or other the bear had swum the Otterkill creek and, his way taking him across the track, accidentally his paw came in contact with the electrical signal. You know dampness increases the strength of an electric current and the bear's wet body, fresh from the creek, made a fine conductor and he got an extra heavy dose.

"He rather liked the sensation. So every night and morning, before retiring and after leaving his bed. Bruin would swim the Otterkill and sit on the signal for a free electrical bath. His wet body had the effect of short-circuiting the semaphore, rendering it locked at clear and inoperative.

"The night he got caught the electric current became so strong as to hold him in its grasp, just the same as you see people try to let go of those electric machines which test your electrical endurance, although the motions he went through in trying to free himself would have made one of those chorus girls doing a Salomy dance look like a wooden Indian afflicted with locomotor ataxia."

"Say," put in the tall, cynical conductor, "I should think you could make more money selling those electrical bear traps than you do operatin' 'em from the signal tower."

Scientists Found in Error.

After regarding it as a true mollusc for many years, French scientists have found that a small snail-like creature found on trees is the larva of a species of fly.

The Springfield Sun, $1.00 per year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal, $1.50
The Springfield Sun, $1.00 per year

YOUR WINTER READING

Should be selected now. Call upon The Sun and let us assist you. Of course you will include THE SUN

$1.00 PER YEAR

Photographing Aileen.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Marvin Morton, with some little experience at snapshotting as an incentive, decided to go in for amateur photography on a more extensive scale. Straightway he went to a fashionable dealer and bought an expensive camera, with plate holder attachment.

"I'll call by for it tomorrow morning," he told the clerk. "Please be sure to have a couple of plates in the holder, for I want to take some pictures if the weather is fine."

"I'll have the plates put in and everything ready for you, sir," the salesman replied.

Then Marvin began to think of what he should most like to snap with his new camera. There were the new library, the new custom house, the new art gallery. But somehow or other none of these marble structures appealed to him.

"There's nothing like a human subject when it comes to photography," he mused. The next thought followed naturally. "And the best of human subjects is a pretty girl in a pretty gown!"

A moment later he was talking over the telephone.

"Hello, Aileen! I've just bought a new camera," he announced.

"Indeed, Marvin, that's interesting," came back over the wire. "And what are you going to do with it?"

"Take some pictures of Aileen if she'll let me," he replied.

"Oh, that will be splendid!" she exclaimed. "And when are you going to take them?"

"Tomorrow morning if you say so."

"All right. I've got nothing on hand for tomorrow morning," she answered. "Where shall we go?"

"Out into the park."

"Then I'll don a frock that will be in accord with the setting," she laughed.

Aileen was as good as her word, for when Marvin stopped for her next morning, camera in hand, she wore the smartest blue suit imaginable, almost matching the clear autumn sky.

"Oh, I know we will have a nice little expedition," she ventured. "And I'm to have my picture taken for—why, let me see—for the first time since early spring. Let me get a peep at your new camera. It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied. "It is supposed to do extra fine work. You see, I am somewhat of a novice, and the camera has to be a good one for me. This one has a holder for plates at the back. I've never used plates before, but the clerk filled up the holder for me, and I'm going to try them this morning."

Soon they were strolling down one of the velvety slopes of the park. The leaves were falling from the larger trees, but the occasional bushes were as green as in springtime.

They passed a lake, and presently they came into a little glen that ran right up against a hillside.

"This ought to be a fine place for the pictures," he suggested. "Suppose you strike a pose—anything you like."

"Well, how's this, Sir Photographer?" she queried, putting her closed parasol back over her shoulder and holding it at both ends—as a huntsman sometimes carries his gun—and throwing her head back in a merry laugh.

"Very fetching," he commented, "but I believe that with the parasol up and a side view would be even more so. Try it, if you don't mind."

She turned slightly, opened the parasol and held it back over her shoulder with one hand. Her dainty head was silhouetted against the turquoise sky, for she was standing on the slope several feet above him.

"This one's a stunner!" he declared, shifting his position. Then he drew out of the plate holder the thin little board protecting the first plate, and, click, it was over.

"How did I look?" she questioned, with an alluring glance.

"How did you look?" he repeated. "Why, you were—but please don't ask me such questions, for the first thing you know I'll be telling you more complimentary things than would be good for you—or me either!"

"Oh, very well," she laughed, shrugging her shoulders prettily. "Now what am I to do for picture No. 2?"

"Let's have this one sitting down," he requested.

She assented by seating herself on the slope and gazing at him seriously with her chin poised on her dainty little fist.

"Don't look so solemn," he protested. "You're not posing as a tragedy queen!"

"Well, then, how's this?" she asked, resting her chin between both hands and smiling radiantly.

He suppressed a reply and concentrated his attention on catching that bewitching, tantalizing smile.

"I've surely got it!" he thought as he withdrew the second plate protector.

"That was prettier than the other if comparisons are not distasteful," he opined. "Now if you will"—

But of a sudden something caused him to rivet his glance on the plate holder side of the kodak. Then he pulled out one of the thin protectors and peered more closely at the box like arrangement. With a look of disgust he shook the camera savagely.

"Well, I am a prize goose!" he muttered.

"Why, what's the trouble, Marvin?" she questioned, coming up close and looking at the camera.

"What's the trouble?" he echoed. "There's trouble a-plenty. All your posing has been for naught. There's not a single solitary plate in this blooming thing! Look at it!"

"Oh, how funny!" she gurgled. "How did it happen?"

"It happened because that forgetful clerk failed to put in the plates after solemnly assuring me that he would!" he answered. "Well, there's nothing to do but come out here again some time. Let's go over and sit down under that big tree and chat awhile and try to laugh off this fiasco."

She readily agreed, and they sat down on a rustic bench and commented on their failure.

"Just to think those poses had to be lost on an unappreciative camera!" she complained, with a little pout.

"Yes, it was a pity," he agreed. "But, after all, they weren't lost on an unappreciative photographer!"

"Really, weren't they?" And her eyes flashed pleasurable surprise.

"I should say not," he affirmed earnestly, his voice unsteady. "For a long time I shall remember them, I think."

She was silent as she looked at him questioningly.

"Aileen," he continued, his tone lower, "don't you know that somewhere in my mind there is a camera that always has plates ready for use? With it I have taken a thousand pictures of you, Aileen, in all your moods. Often, day and night, I go over this lovely picture gallery of my memory—one that all the money on earth could not buy!

"Some of the portraits are blurred a little, but the rest are as bright as when they first appeared. Somehow I think none of them will ever fade entirely. Many show you laughing and happy. Others depict you smiling and wistful. Some are vivacious, some demure, others coy and quaint, a few stormy and revengeful, but all are precious to me. One—must I tell you of that?—shows you with a young man in the moonlight. It's a beautiful gallery, my dear; the most beautiful, I am sure, in all the world!"

She was gazing at him now with a new look in her eyes—the look of tender appeal. Her hand rested gently on his arm.

"Marvin, dear boy," she whispered, "I do so hope your picture gallery will always be bright; that none of the pictures will ever fade away."

"Do you really, dear?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, very, very much," she answered.

"Then there's one sure way of having them always clear and bright," he said.

"How is that?" she asked, with an encouraging smile.

"By having the subject always present," he declared, the twinkle returning to his eyes. "Is she willing?"

"With you as photographer, Marvin? Yes. She's been willing for quite a long time!"

"After all," he commented as they walked homeward, "this picture taking expedition without plates has been the most successful of my whole life."

"Bubbles" and Science.

Until Lord Rayleigh supplied the missing explanation scientific men had never been able to explain how it is that a soap bubble can exist. It is only with a very few liquids that soap bubbles can be blown. The reason is that some cannot lather even if shaken up vigorously, while others lather with complete ease. The natural question therefore arose, "Why is it that some liquids lather and others will not, and how is it that a sphere of liquid film of almost infinitesimal thickness can exist in a still moist atmosphere for hours and even days?" This was all exhaustively explained for the first time by Lord Rayleigh.

The explanation is partly a question of physics and chemistry, and it may be succinctly described, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, as follows: "A surface which possesses the minutest trace of scum has less tension than a clear or lesser scummed surface, and such a scum, no matter how thin it may be, has the tendency to slide down if its liquid support or foundation displays any inclination to the horizon. Furthermore, a lathering liquid has a complex and resistible constitution sufficient to yield by partial dissociation, owing to the tension of the surface, a quasi solid scum, while the constant tendency of the viscous liquid to slip between two layers of scum is a very slow process."

Reportorial Persistence.

Once a reporter went to a certain residence in New York to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face.

She retired into the house. Presently the doorbell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the doorbell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still while the doorbell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer, so, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely:

"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man."

"I can't!" roared the reporter, beside himself with exasperation. "You have shut my coattails in the door!"

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.—Benjamin Franklin.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Raising Boys.

"No wonder some boys go to th' devil," commented Ab. Wilkins at Baltuff's grocery store. "We've raised a right smart lot of good uns in this town, and then agin we've raised a bunch o' pussley, too! Take George Hancock, fer instance. When I first knew Georgie he was about as big as a pint o' cider, and th' way he used t' cuss was a caution. Got it frum his dad, who would have won the belt fer continuous blasphemy if somebody'd offered one!

"An' every time I went past th' Hancock house and Georgie was about, he'd throw stones at me!

"But he got better after a while, jined the Sunday school and was a-doin' right pert! Folks begin t' pint to him with pride—and then one day as school th' teacher missed her pocketbook and when th' detectives got through with th' case, it was Georgie! But, pshaw! he didn't have no chance. His pa was a chicken thief fer years and ye can't raise good men under sich auspices!"

"It doan't seem," drawled Hank Spotts, ramming his horny finger into his pipe bowl to ignite the unburned tobacco, "thet folks hez much t' do with it, Ab. I recall distinctly Widow Dodge's son out Silver Ridge way. Horace Dodge was as good a boy to begin with as ye ever cum acrost in a hull passel o' boys! But when his pa died, Mrs. Dodge gist sorter lost her grip on that boy. He begun by stayin' out nights, then he got t' keeping bad cump'ny, got drunk once, run away with a patent medicine show—and nobody hain't heard nothin' of him since! Now his pa was a gentleman, as clean as they make 'em and as square as a die!"

"That's all right," argued Ab.; "ye kin spoil good apples any time by putting 'em in the barrel with bad uns! Th' hull trouble with Horace Dodge was his mother. I ain't nothin' agin clubs er club women, ner what they do er say, but, by jing, sumtimes I can't help wishin' they'd put as much ginger and thought intew their home affairs as they do intew th' lodge!

"Now, in the first place, Horace Dodge went down town nights becus his ma, who was a mighty good woman, understand, was away 'tending sum club meetin', and th' boy gist nat'rally got lonesome.

"He begun smokin' cigarettes gist as any boy does, and when his ma found it out, she cried. When he got intew bad cump'ny, she called the preacher and the deacon in, and one night when Horace wuz out gallivantin' around, they met in her front parlor an' prayed fer two hours fer him! That was th' night afore he run away—and somehow I can't help but think that Horace didn't need prayers half as much as he did a lickin'!

"What his mother should a done was t' kept that boy so busy doin' sumthin' on th' place thet he couldn't find time to loaf around town, and when she smelled cigarettes on him, she should a gone out to the barn and got the calf rope and saved her prayers until arter she had gin him one of the best dressin' downs he ever had!

"If he persisted in bein' ornery, she should 've increased th' size o' th' rope and the number o' applications, gist as the Docs. does in serious cases, leadin' up t' a climax that would o' broke er busted that boy!"

"Mebbe so," grunted Hank, blowing the smoke from the bamboo stem of his cob pipe. "Mebbe so—but I reckon that boys, like everything else, is different at times!

"There wuz 'Squire Dunham's boy, Alonzo. His pa was one o' th' honesest men thet ever seen th' light o' day, and as religious as a testament. They had prayers ev'ry mornin', rain er shine, went t' church reg'lar and lived accordin' t' th' Ten Commandments—that is th' old man and his wife did, and Alonzo did until one day he went into town and cum home so drunk he couldn't drive th' hosses straight!

"That nigh killed Old Man Dunham. He was teetotlar hisself and had lectured a lot agin licker. Nobudy knows how the boy happened t' do it t' this day, except thet he'd heard so much about it, that he gist got curious t' see what whisky tasted like!

"An' the 'Squire couldn't stop him! He's runnin' a saloon now, down t' th' Rapids—and his father's heart is broke if ever a man's wuz!"

"I guess, by gol, y'er right, Hank," admitted Ab. "It's gist another case o' not knowin' which way a frog'll jump frum th' looks o' him! Gimme a chaw er terbacker!"

Byron Williams

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Convicted by Her Slippers.

How a Beautiful Young Woman Was Proved Guilty of a Brutal Murder by a Hole In Her Felt Shoe and Sentenced to Ten Years at Hard Labor In a French Prison.

On the unsupported testimony of one inanimate witness a young and beautiful woman has just been convicted of a terrible murder and sentenced to ten years at hard labor in a French prison.

When and how she committed the crime none but she can tell, and she will not. Her weapon is unknown. Her motive is only a surmise. She protests her innocence calmly, impudently. No person saw her slay the old woman who was the victim. No person could testify anything against her, and yet of her guilt there was no doubt in the minds of the judges and her jurors, for there was one witness against her,

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER."

a witness stronger than any human being, a witness that no cross examination could shake, eloquent in its muteness, inexorable as fate. In an American court it would have been marked "Exhibit A." It was a slipper of felt worn into holes.

On Sept. 20 of last year Widow Coudray was found dead in her apartments at St. Symphorien, near Tours, almost in the center of France. The woman's throat had been cut, and she had bled to death. Her blood had flowed out upon the wooden floor of her room. There was one large splotch where the first gush had squirted from the severed artery and several little streams made by the ever weakening flow. There were also footmarks where the murderer had walked after committing the crime, treading in the blood and tracking about the floor.

The only person known to have been with the widow on the day of the murder was Mlle. Girault, whose home was less than thirty-five feet distant. She had called in the afternoon and remained alone with the widow for an uncertain length of time.

Upon cross examination she had convinced the police of her innocence. Her answers were frank and seemingly those of an innocent woman. She was asked what costume she had worn upon the day of the murder. She described it unhesitatingly and showed the skirts and the shirt waist, which gave no sign of having been stained by blood. She also showed the slippers. The detectives looked at them, and there, near the lower part of the inside of the right foot, in just that part of the upper which bulged out over the sole through wear, was a hole, roughly cartridge shaped, with a tiny square of felt projecting into it. The slippers were clean, however, but their owner had had plenty of time to clean them since the murder.

"You are under arrest for the murder of the widow Coudray," the police told her.

Defiantly, energetically, the girl protested her innocence. In the course of time she was placed on trial at Tours.

Ghost Runs His Engine.

Sits by the Side of Veteran Engineer Seaver, Hero of Numerous Hairbreadth Escapes.

No danger lurks in the path of No. 15.

Two drivers perch on the same bench in the locomotive's cab and guide its destiny. One is Horace L. Seaver, veteran engineer and hero of numerous hairbreadth escapes; the other is the ghost of a man that was.

Unseen, unheard, the specter has been at the throttle for years, guiding and guarding the lives of those sleeping in the darkened coaches behind.

No. 15 is the Big Four fast express which runs into Chicago over the Illinois Central tracks from Kankakee. The train is pulled by an Illinois Central locomotive, of which Mr. Seaver is the engineer. For forty-three years the veteran has been handling the throttle of Illinois Central engines.

For forty-three years Mr. Seaver has been a spiritualist—not one of the table raising, bell ringing kind, but an intelligent believer that spirit bodies exist. He says he has had innumerable evidences that a spirit hand guided his engine through fearful dangers and happy escapes. Whether he climbs up in his cab he knows that the spectral engineer is sitting beside him, ready to extend the hand of warning in time of need.

Mr. Seaver was in the cab, gazing far out along the track, one dark night, wondering how many more trips he would make before his good spirit deserted him. In the train were a thousand old soldiers going to a reunion at Champaign, Ill. The throttle was out to the last notch and the speed more than sixty miles an hour. Suddenly the engineer heard a soft voice whispering in his ear: "The bridge is burned! The bridge is burned!"

As quickly as possible Mr. Seaver set the air brakes and stopped the train. In the coaches the thousand old soldiers were sleeping. The conductor hurried forward to the engine.

"What do you mean by stopping this train out here?" he demanded angrily.

"You would better go along the track and find out," said the engineer quietly.

Only a few feet ahead of the engine was the river, and over the river hung the charred remnants of the big bridge, which had burned only a short time before. The veterans were saved.

This happened in 1890, and Mr. Seaver was hailed as a hero all over the country.

"Something unseen did it, not I," said the engineer modestly.

Girl Plunges For Fortune.

She Wins Six Thousand Dollars In Faro Game at Rawhide and Breaks the Bank.

Miss Lillian Bennetts, a Los Angeles girl twenty-seven years of age, handsome despite the fact that she spent much time on the frontier of civilization, won $6,000 at one sitting in a faro game at Rawhide recently.

She kept the "cases," played her own "systems" with the skill of a veteran and the daring of a plunger and astonished the old gamblers. She forced the limit, and had the dealer so willed she would have risked the entire amount on one turn of the cards. As it was, the play was by far the heaviest yet witnessed in the new gold camp on the Nevada desert. More than once as much as $2,500 passed between the players and the banker on one turn from the box.

The exciting race for a small fortune took place in Carl Young's gambling place, one of the largest resorts of Rawhide. Young, who had pioneered it from Dawson to Death valley, dealt the game. For eight hours the play continued and was brought to an end only because the banks were closed and Young could not reach his funds. The bank roll had been taken in completely by the daring young woman gambler, who might have won much more had Young the money.

A CROSS ON HIS BACK.

It Was Made With Chalk, but Was Too Heavy to Carry.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You!" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it."

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature, "I'll tell you what—if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent."

So the chalk mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted tailor sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances hailed him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children laughed and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usually amiable man grew surly and morose; he shunned men, women and children and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house, and he considered himself miserable and ill used.

Finally one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk mark and said: "There! I would not wear that cross on my back another week, no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!"

ROBIN HOOD NOT A MYTH.

Hero of Sherwood Forest Had a Court Place Under King Edward II.

Many famous men have their names linked with Sherwood—King John, the three Edwards, Richard III., Cardinal Wolsey and Charles I.—but the hero of the place, the "genius loci," is Robin Hood.

Some think that the famous outlaw of the ballads was a myth, a mere poetic conception and a creature of the popular mind, but Mr. Hunter in his research into the person and period of Robin Hood holds that he was born between 1285 and 1295, living through the reign of the second Edward and into the early years of the third. He was of a family of some station seated near Wakefield and supported the Earl of Lancaster in his rebellion against the government. When the earl fell and his followers were proscribed Robin Hood took to the woods and supported himself by slaying the wild animals found in the forest and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers along the great road which united London and Berwick. This continued for about twenty months, from April, 1322, to December, 1323, when he fell into the king's power, who for some unknown reason not only pardoned him, but gave him a place at court. Anyhow, a man of the name of Robyn Hode was a "varlet" of the king in 1324.

Dr. Spencer T. Hall says that Robyn was created Earl of Huntington by a London ballad writer hard up for a word to rhyme to Little John. Be this as it may, Robin Hood will always be the hero of romance, and those who love romance will refuse to believe that he never existed.—London Globe.

Mansfield's Lonely Meals.

There were two meals which Mansfield always ate alone—breakfast and the light repast of broth and oysters late in the afternoon. An empty stomach attacked his nerves and set his temper on edge. In the morning he was in no convenient mood until he had the invariable coffee and bacon. After a somewhat rigid abstinence during the balance of the day and evening the fatigue of a performance edged his nerves till his midnight supper, which, with a troop of friends about him, warmed him into the sunniest humor of the day. A book or play was the companion of his solitary meals.—Paul Wilstach in Scribner's.

The Very First One.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.

A Zoological Question.

The director of the zoological gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thusly: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"—St. Louis Republic.

Two Words.

"There are two words that I feel sorry for."

"And they are?"

"Blithering and egregious. Nobody ever uses 'em except to call some one an idiot or an ass."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Arrives at Springfield	8:25 p. m.	12:30 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown	7:30 "	11:09 a. m.	6:06 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:45 "	9:25 "	5:22 "
Leaves Louisville	6:00 "	8:20 "	4:30 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown	6:37 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	7:20 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville	8:10 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

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HANDLING BEDS AND BEDDING

How to Keep Them In a Healthful Condition.

At this season of the year the bedroom, of all rooms in the house, must be given a thorough renovating. A large proportion of one's time is spent in bed, and a bed that is uncomfortable means a real torment, especially in case of illness. It pays in the end to buy a good mattress and to take care of it after having bought it. If thoroughly beaten once a week it will not become matted.

If the mattress is not thoroughly beaten at frequent intervals it will become impregnated with dust and decidedly unhealthful. A good hair mattress that needs remaking should be attended to at this season and a few pounds of hair added to make up for the waste in combings.

Of all the bed furnishings, pillows should be of none but the best quality, for even if the very best quality is bought this does not represent a large outlay. All pillows should be fitted with ventilators, too, so that the life may be kept in the feathers for the longest possible time and a thorough airing be permitted. Lumpy and lifeless pillows that have become filled with dust through long use are as dangerous to health as one could imagine. All kinds of bacteria are found in the dust from renovated pillows, even those which have had but little use, and so perfect ventilation for the inside of the pillow is essential.

There can be bought pillow ventilators which can be set into the ends of one's pillows, if these are in good condition, but even though the ticking be covered with a washable outer case, thus keeping the tick clean, this does not prevent the feathers from getting into a bad condition, and therefore pillows that are in constant use should be renovated frequently. A day in the open air once a month seems to prolong the life of the feathers.

In regard to the outer coverings of the bed, the plainer the bed is dressed the better taste it shows. The sheets should be of as good quality as one can afford, and, in the summer time especially, the upper sheet at least should be linen.

When an enamel bed has become shabby looking it is wiser to give it a thorough scouring with any good enamel cleaner before attempting to give it a new coat of enamel. It may be surprising to find that nearly all the places that need repainting are made by rubbing against other furniture when moving. Always wrap cloths about a metal bed every time it is moved, and a brass bed must be wrapped in this way, else it will be ruined.

Never scrub a brass bed or apply any gritty substance, for these beds are covered with a lacquer to preserve the gilt. A soft, damp cloth is sufficient until the lacquer wears away, and then it must be sent away to be relacquered.

If the brass has become merely tarnished it may be treated at home. First scour the gilt with the fine powder used for cleaning silver, or else apply whiting with a damp cloth, so that the gilt is not scratched. Have ready 10 cents' worth of lacquer, and when the gilt portions are free from tarnish paint neatly with the lacquer, applied with a fine camel's hair brush.

How to Preserve Pineapples.

The easiest method of preparing pineapples for preserves is to slice off as much of the outside portion as possible with a sharp carving knife. Next cut the slices as thin as possible and cut dark portions from the edge with a pair of sharp scissors. It is a more convenient method than using a knife and less dangerous. Remove all core, weigh or measure the fruit and use the same bulk of sugar, pint for pint. Use just enough water to make a thin syrup, letting it boil first before adding the fruit. Test with the tines of a fork. When done seal in the usual manner while the liquor is still at boiling point.

How to Scale Fish Properly.

When scaling fish hold them under water in a dishpan. The scales will not fly all over if this is done, but will fall to the bottom of the pan. When the water has been poured off of them they can easily be transferred into the garbage pail. The kitchen will be free from the scales, which fly about if the fish is scaled in the ordinary way, and a great deal of extra and troublesome labor is saved. Dipping the fish in boiling water for a moment and then into cold will make the scales come off without trouble or delay.

How to Hang a Skirt Properly.

It is impossible to be too particular in securing straight seams when making a skirt, those at either side of the front breadth requiring more care than the back seams. Where the material is plaited over the hips the tucks should take a straight line upward into the belt and should on no account be allowed to deviate either toward the side or the front. Seams or plaits which curve outward or inward, however slightly, spoil the hang of a skirt.

How to Relieve Painful Burns.

Moisten a common lump of starch to a soft paste, cover the burned part thickly with it, then wrap with a cloth or medicated cotton, keep the starch wet, and the pain will soon be removed. Common baking soda is effective used in the same way.

How to Revive a Plant.

One of the best ways to revive a drooping potted plant is to place it overnight in a vessel of water that reaches nearly two-thirds to the rim of the pot. This treatment is especially beneficial where the soil has become hardened.

When You Buy
BUY AT HOME
The Home Merchants merit your support, they are the mainstays of the community. And when you buy of Home Merchants, buy of those who advertise.

PUBLIC SALE

—ON—

Friday, January 22

At 1 o'clock, p. m.

On the above date I will offer for sale on my farm, 4 miles from Springfield, on the Walton Lick turnpike, the following:

One 11-year-old Harness Mare, one 5-year-old Saddle Horse, one 3-year-old mare, one team of 3-year-old Work Mules, one weanling Mule Colt, one weanling Horse Colt, one Jersey milk cow, one 2-year-old Jersey Heifer, 3 Steer Calves, Fifty Head of Ewes, one Sow and Pigs, about 800 Bushels of Corn, to be sold in crib. Eleven tons of Timothy Hay.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Wagons, Binders, Plows, Harrows, Mowers, Gasoline Engine and Cutting Box, and numerous other articles.

Terms Made Known on Day of Sale.

Albert Rudd and Sisters

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

MRS. DARCY AND THE DOCTORS

Mrs. Darcy was rich.

She was very rich indeed.

In fact, she was so rich that it made her sick.

She suffered from fatty degeneration of the bank account.

She had been everywhere; she had seen everything; she had done everything.

There was nowhere she couldn't go; there was nothing she couldn't have; there was nothing she couldn't do—except be happy.

It bored her to ride, and to drive; it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down.

It bored her to eat, and to drink, and to sleep.

So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black.

He gave her pills.

She still grew worse.

So she sent for a third doctor—Dr. White.

Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultra-modern doctor.

"What is the trouble with you?" said Dr. White.

"Everything!" said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have a beautiful home," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of it," said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have beautiful jewels," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of them," said Mrs. Darcy.

"You have a beautiful face," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of it," said Mrs. Darcy

"And can you help me?" said Mrs Darcy.

"I can try," said Dr. White.

Mrs. Darcy gave the prescription to her secretary.

The secretary gave it to the maid The maid gave it to the butler.

The butler gave it to the page.

And the page took it to the chemist.

The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it, appeared very much surprised, and then handed it back to the page.

"This is not for me," said the chemist. "It is for—Mrs. Darcy."

So the page took the prescription back to the butler.

The butler gave it back to the maid.

The maid gave it back to the secretary.

And the secretary gave it back to Mrs. Darcy.

"The chemist says that this is not for him," said the secretary. "He says it is for you!"

"For me!" said Mrs. Darcy. "What a nuisance! I am so tired. I am so bored. I am so weak. I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?"

The secretary looked at the scrap of paper and became very red in the face.

"What does it say?" demanded Mrs. Darcy. "Why don't you read it to me?"

"I—I don't understand it!" said the secretary.

"Well, it is not necessary for you to understand it!" said Mrs. Darcy. "If it is for me, you are not supposed to understand it! If it is for me—I will understand it! What does it say?"

"It says," said the secretary, "'Prescription for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's compliments: Do something for somebody!'"

"What does that mean?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

"I—I told you that I didn't—understand it, Mrs. Darcy!" said the secretary.

"Well, why don't you understand?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

And Mrs. Darcy worked herself into violent hysterics.

But all the rest of the day and all through the night Mrs. Darcy heard the words ringing in her ears, saw the words dancing before her eyes: "Do something for somebody!"

She almost wondered if there was anything in this advice, in this strange advice, this peculiar "prescription."

But then her old doctors came with their old remedies, Dr. Blank with his pills and Dr. Green with his powders, and she soon forgot the new doctor with his new notions and his impertinence and his insults.

"Do something for somebody!"

The idea! When she was too sick even to do anything for herself!

IN THE WORLD'S GATE

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

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A long iron steamer was slowly nosing her way eastward through the sluggish waters of the Suez canal. She was apparently in the most astonishing state of disrepair and dilapidation. Once she had been painted black, but that was in the dim abyss of time; now her battered sides were of the natural and unashamed hue of the plates, diversified by broad blotches and bands of rust. The brasswork of her ports was green, the funnel sagged, rails and decks were greasy and chipped. The dock loafers had jeered at her when she wallowed into Port Said, and she had appeared in the maritime intelligence of Trieste a week previous as, "Str. Ukarine, Trieste, L. Passaro, master, cleared for Zanzibar in ballast."

Half a dozen Levantines were gambling on the decks forward, a ruffianly Maltese in a red cap held the wheel, and a young man in a blue and white yachting costume, much weather-beaten and tanned, stood on the bridge just outside the wheel-house. They had reached a point midway between Kantara and Lake Timsah when a dull report sounded heavily from far down in the ship's interior. There was a disturbance and a bubbling of the water alongside, and a strange and acrid odor drifted up the forward hatchway. The young man in the duck trousers sprang to the wheel, snatched it from the startled Maltese, and with a quick twirl of the spokes swung the vessel's head 'round till she lay nearly athwart the canal.

The object of this maneuver was not apparent, but it seemed to have been ineffectual. There was a sound of gurgling waters from below, and the ship lurched heavily to starboard. A tremendous hissing and a gush of steam announced that the fires had been flooded, and a moment later the black and half-nude staff of the engine-rooms precipitated themselves on deck. Alongside, the calm waters seemed to be rising with amazing rapidity toward the rail, and in three minutes the keel touched bottom with a perceptible thump. The canal is 26 feet deep, and the water reached nearly to her lower deck. She lay squarely across the fair-way, her awkward bufk completely blocking the deep-water channel. The great gate between the two worlds was jammed.

The Levantines jabbered and swore in a dozen dialects, but presently, at the command of the yachtsman, they launched one of the boats and rowed off in the direction of Ishmailia. The young man, thus abandoned, sat down in a deck chair, lighted a cigarette and gazed across the desert. As the retreating oar-splashes of the crew died out, the hot silence settled down unbroken.

But for the gigantic ditch alongside, he might have fancied himself in the mid-Sahara. The sandy and rocky plain ran red and yellow to the extreme limit of vision. Far to the southeast El Guisr thrust a jagged black peak against the spotless horizon. The sun poured down fiercely.

The young man had time to smoke many cigarettes, and to gaze to satiety at the glaring monotony of landscape. But in about three hours a whirring electric launch shot up, the launch of the canal patrol, and the officer clambered aboard. He was a smooth-shaven Englishman, wearing the uniform of the Canal Company.

"I say!" he began sharply. "Who are you? Don't you see you're blocking the canal?"

"I'm sorry," said the man on board. "Have a cigarette—they're Manilas. My name is Davenport, and this is my private yacht, the Ukraine, of Trieste, as you can see by looking over the stern, if all the lettering hasn't been rubbed off."

"I say!" repeated the Briton, staring. "But this is no joke, you know. How did you come to sink in this position?"

"We just seemed to spring a leak," returned Davenport, cheerfully. "This yacht has been porous for some time. As for our peculiar position, that is entirely the fault of the fool who had hold of the wheel. He swung her 'round as she went down."

"I'll bring a diver to look at the leak at once—at your expense," said the Englishman. "If she can be plugged and pumped out, very well. We'll give you 24 hours. If she isn't afloat at the end of that time, we'll have to blow her up."

The official removed himself rapidly in the launch, but returned a little before sunset with an Arab diver, who removed his clothes and went under like a frog. Davenport leaned over the rail and watched the operations with considerable interest. After half an hour's work, the Englishman came on board the Ukraine to report.

"The diver says there is a hole in her side big enough to drive a horse through," he said. "It's a most extraordinary piece of business, I must say. It would be absolutely impossible to repair her as she lies, and she is resting merely on her bows and stern, so that she is likely to break in two besides. I'll give you till eight o'clock to-morrow morning to gut her, and at that hour we'll send the dynamite launch."

At this decisive announcement Davenport manifested, for the first time, some embarrassment.

"Look here," he suddenly blurted. "Don't do that. She's had quite enough of that sort of thing." He hesitated. "I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it. The fact is, she is loaded with nitro-glycerine, 600 quart-cases of it, packed away in the sand ballast. All of it is 10 or 15 feet under water now. Some of it must have gone off and blown out her side; I heard a noise. Why it didn't set off all the rest I can't imagine. But if you blow her up here it will produce an explosion that will wreck the canal for a mile."

The other man stared. "Good heavens! and what were you going to do with all that explosive?" he ejaculated.

"I prefer not to say. Taking it to Delagoa bay for the Boers, possibly."

"If I really thought you were," said the Briton, stiffly, "I would have you arrested. I suppose we will have to have the cases of explosives taken out by divers, and then the hulk will be dynamited. Of course all this will be done at your expense."

The launch whirred off again, leaving Davenport not greatly impressed. He knew that not one of the native divers of Port Said could be induced to handle nitroglycerine; he doubted if the directors of the company would even risk allowing them to handle it in that dangerous position. It would be necessary to bring a regular submarine wrecking outfit from Trieste or Naples, and this would take days, perhaps a week. In the meantime, the swift equatorial darkness was falling, and he decorated the ship with numerous red lanterns, hoisted an enormous red flag in the rigging, and hung a white board over the stern with the inscription in four languages:

DANGER!

This Vessel Is Loaded with Dynamite.

Dangerous to Approach.

He spent the night on the bare deck, and at dawn he got a small skiff overboard and rowed himself to Ishmailia, very hungry, for the provisions had all been flooded. From Ishmailia he took the railroad to Cairo, and thence to Port Said, at the canal-head.

No shipping had been allowed to enter the canal since the accident was reported, and inside the breakwater were already waiting a couple of large freighters, a big four-masted steel clipper and an Austrian Lloyd mail steamer. More ships continued to arrive, and Davenport sat on the end of the pier and watched them, sweeping the horizon with a binocular for warning smudges of smoke. Another ocean tramp came in, an Italian liner, and a transport full of British troops which at once made the port uproarious. Then, about noon, a large warship appeared at full speed from the west. She was fast, had three funnels, and when she came near enough to make it clear that she was flying the French flag Davenport put his glass into its case and sighed with relief. Then he smiled thoughtfully.

Almost before she had lost way a boat was dropped over her side and an officer was rowed rapidly to the landing. Thence, with no less rapidity, he was driven in a hack to the French consular offices. In five minutes he reappeared, accompanied by the consul himself, and the pair hurried to the offices of the Suez Canal Company.

They came out again with no pleasant expression and both went down to the pier and were taken aboard the cruiser, which had not anchored, but was lying to with steam up. In half an hour the consul returned ashore, accompanied this time by the captain in a gorgeous full-dress uniform, and a slight dark-faced oriental-looking youth, in the uniform of a French colonel of cavalry.

Davenport had watched these comings and goings with a deep and not unintelligent interest. Indeed, it was an awkward moment for a blockade on the road to the east. Ten days before it had been secretly cabled to Paris from the French legation in Bangkok that the king of Siam was supposed to have been poisoned in the harem. He might live for weeks, he might even then be dying; it was impossible for an outsider to learn with accuracy of happenings in the palace. The king's eldest brother, the "Ong Yai," was expected to succeed, according to the immemorial custom of the country. It was the moment for which French diplomacy had been waiting for years.

In the eyes of France, Siam has always been regarded as the needful complement of French indo-China, and it has been her constant aim to establish a suzerainty of some sort over that state. Some years earlier the growth of foreign customs had made it probable that the right of royal succession would be transferred to the eldest son of the first queen, as among western peoples, instead of remaining with the "Ong Yai." About the same time the French ambassador had scored a success by inducing the king to send the young crown prince, Ohya Varariddhi, to Paris, to receive a foreign education. Here he was officially welcomed with royal honors, feted, given rank in the French army and introduced to Parisian society and vices. No expense was spared to impress upon his undeveloped mind the omnipotence of France and the glory of her institutions. By this time he was a premature roue, his nationality obliterated, his naturally feeble intellect completely dazzled by the glitter of Europe. Once on the throne of his fathers he would be the merest tool in the hands of French diplomacy.

Everything depended upon getting him to the Siamese capital before the old king should expire. The "Ong Yai" was an energetic man of middle years. He controlled the army, he had the tremendous weight of ancient custom to support his claim, and it was practically certain that, once proclaimed sovereign, he would be sustained by the foreign governments, if only for the sake of peace. Possession would mean all the points of the law—and the road was barred by an infernal machine.

In the French consulate and on the French cruiser there was exasperation and alarm. The cables to the east hummed with cipher messages. The commander offered the services of his blue jackets to remove the sunken Ukraine, he offered to tear it to pieces with his own bare hands. Money was no object, but the directors of the canal, mostly Englishmen, had no particular sympathy with the Frenchman's incomprehensible and almost tearful excitement and declined to risk having a mile of the canal embankments shattered by the tampering of unskilled hands. A hurry order had been cabled to Naples for wreckers and they might be expected in two or three days. Till then it was necessary to wait.

It turned out to be four days, and for several persons in the port they were the slowest four days on record. Ship after ship continued to arrive at both ends of the canal, mail steamers, freight boats, majestic steel ships and barques from the antipodes, every sort of craft important enough to pay the canal tolls, flying every flag known to the four oceans. Every day the company's offices were crowded with angry and rough-speaking sea captains, and a dozen suits-at-law were daily threatened. As for Davenport, he carefully avoided even the neighborhood of these offices and spent much of his time on the end of the pier as before, sweeping the horizon with his glass. He was looking for the steamer from Naples.

On the fifth morning she appeared. Davenport at once had himself rowed to the French man-of-war, boarded her and introduced himself to the commander in purest Parisian French. Would the commander have the goodness to transmit to the French legation in Bangkok a communication of importance to French interests in the east—of the highest importance, he might venture to say? The commander would. Davenport confided to his care an imposing and official-looking document, tied with tape and decorated with several ounces of red wax, and bowed himself over the side. Two hours later he went aboard a westbound steamer that was ready to sail and disappeared under the Mediterranean horizon.

The divers went to work at once, hauling up carefully several tin cases—filled with sand. After an investigation lasting an hour or two, a couple of charges of dynamite were exploded under the Ukraine with no unusual effects. The canal was clear, and in a solid procession the ships began to pass through. For a week there was a double file, moving in opposite directions, and the nights were bright as day from the electric searchlights that the regulations compel every vessel to carry in nocturnal transit.

The French cruiser crossed the Indian ocean and the Bay of Bengal as if the devil were after her. She was a new boat and had recently been cleaned. The French secretary of legation was down at Paknam, at the mouth of Bangkok's long harbor, on the lookout for her, and when she appeared he came on board. Before he could open his mouth the commander thrust into his hand Davenport's bulky missive. In spite of its size and weight, it was found, when the multiplicity of seals were broken and the tape cut, to contain only the following words:

On board the sunken steamer Ukraine, in the Suez Canal.

His Excellency, the French Ambassador, Bangkok:

Five years ago an American sailor enlisted in the French Foreign Legation at Hue, Cochin-China. He rose to be a sous-officer. At the outbreak of the Spanish war with the United States he applied for discharge (his term of enlistment having all but expired) in order that he might join the fleet of Admiral Dewey at Hong-Kong, and when this was refused he attempted to escape and make his way thither without leave. He was captured and shot to pieces by the native troops sent in pursuit. His body lies on the shore of the Gulf of Tonquin, under a heap of rocks—the costliest sepulchre ever erected, for it has cost France a kingdom.

That man was my only brother.

STUART DAVENPORT.

The secretary of legation read the note and shrugged his shoulders expressively. Then, answering the look of intense curiosity on the commander's countenance, he said:

"The king died four days ago, and his brother immediately assumed the crown amid thunders of popular applause. He has been formally recognized by the foreign diplomatic corps, and, perforce, the French representatives have been compelled to follow suit."

There was nothing more to do or say. The wretched Siamese-Parisian prince was bundled ashore with scant ceremony, and the cruiser steamed on for Saigon, the nearest colonial port.

Youthful New York Gamblers.

There is a noticeable increase in gambling by boys in the streets of New York. The police sometimes interfere, as was the case recently, when a policeman chased a score of urchins from in front of a well-known gambling house within a stone's throw of Herald square, where a game was going on.